

DEC 1 1946 L

# THE MONTH

SEPT.-OCT., 1946

Vol. CLXXXII EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR

No. 953

## CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS .....	By the Editor 321
A PRIEST PRISONER WITH THE JAPS.—I.....	By Patrick Rorke 337
A LEADER (Verse).....	By C. M. F. G. Anderson 348
THE BASIS OF IT ALL .....	By A. G. Badenoch 349
SOCIAL CHANGES IN BELGIUM: 1940—1946	
	By Charles du Bois de Vroylande 354
THE "PROBLEM" OF FRANCO'S SPAIN.....	By Thomas Corbishley 361
THE PAINLESS BIRTH OF CHRIST.....	By J. H. Crehan 366
BEATUS VIR (Verse).....	By C. M. F. G. Anderson 373
MISCELLANEA .....	374
I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.	
The Crowning of England's Last Catholic Sovereigns.	
"As in a Gentle Weather."	
II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES.	
REVIEWS .....	381
1.—The Complete Works of St. Teresa of Jesus. Translated and edited by Professor E. Allison Peers from the critical edition of P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, O.C.D. 3 vols. 2.—Bishop Challoner. By Denis Gwynn, D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S. 3.—How Heathen is Britain? By B. C. Sandhurst. 4.—Le Drame de l'Humanisme Athée. By Henri de Lubac, S.J. 5.—The Just Vengeance. The Lichfield Festival Play for 1946. By Dorothy L. Sayers. 6.—François-Joseph. By Le Comte de Saint-Aulaire.	
SHORT NOTICES .....	390

PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.

43 Albert Drive, London, S.W.19

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

114 Mount Street, London, W.1

MANAGER'S ADDRESS:

Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.15, to which Annual Subscriptions,  
13s. post free (U.S.A. \$3.25), should be sent.

TWO SHILLINGS NET

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.  
*A New Translation from the Original Greek and Hebrew Texts.* General Editors :  
the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., Professor of Fundamental Theology at  
Heythrop College, Oxon, and the Rev. John Murray, S.J., Editor of *The Month*.

## THE NEW TESTAMENT IN FOUR VOLUMES

**VOLUME I**—THE GOSPELS OF MATTHEW, MARK AND LUKE, by the Rt. Rev.  
Mgr. Dean, D.D., Ph.D.

(**CHRONOLOGY AND HARMONY OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST**, by the Rev.  
Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.) 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

**VOLUME II**—THE GOSPEL OF JOHN, by the Rev. W. S. Reilly, S.S., S.T.D. **THE  
ACTS OF THE APOSTLES**, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. 8vo. Cloth,  
10s. 6d. net.

**VOLUME III**—THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS (1st and 2nd), GALATIANS,  
ROMANS, EPHESIANS, COLOSSIANS, PHILEMON and PHILIPPIANS, by  
the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, and Fathers Lattey, Keating, Keogh and Rickaby, S.J.  
8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

**VOLUME IV**—THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, THE PASTORAL AND JOHAN-  
NINE EPISTLES, THE APOCALYPSE, THE EPISTLES OF JAMES, PETER  
AND JUDE, by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Boylan, D.Litt., D.D., Francis Gigot, S.T.D.,  
and W. H. Kent, O.S.C. 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

---

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., LTD., 43 Albert Drive, London, S.W.19

The following parts of the OLD TESTAMENT have been published in the large  
edition by LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. Ltd. They are sold in paper covers only.

Price - 2/- net (Nos. 1 to 4)

- (1) THE BOOK OF JONA, by the Rev. T. E. Bird, D.D., Ph.D.
- (2) NAHUM and HABAKKUK, by the late Dom Hugh Bévenot, O.S.B., B.A.
- (3) THE BOOK OF MALACHY, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.
- (4) THE BOOK OF RUTH, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.
- (5) THE FIRST BOOK OF PSALMS (Psalms i to xli) : Large Edition, by  
the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. Paper covers only. Price, 4s. net.

---

THE PSALTER IN THE WESTMINSTER VERSION. Small Edition, con-  
taining all the Psalms, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. Cloth Boards only.  
Price, 10s. 6d. net. (Sands & Co.)

---

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.,  
43 ALBERT DRIVE, LONDON, S.W.19

# THE MONTH

VOL. CLXXXII

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1946

No. 953

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### The Paris Conference

FOR more than two months they have been talking peace and peace treaties in Paris. Yet concrete results up to date are small. Much hard work has been done, in committee and commission and in the fuller sessions of the twenty-one nations. But everywhere are blocks and obstacles, objections and counter-charges, and not a little bluff and bounce. What is all too obviously lacking is an accepted basis of principles, juridical and moral. What is all too evident is the difference of outlook between fifteen of the twenty-one Powers and the remaining six, controlled by Russia, not only upon the practical questions of peace-making but also on the shape of the post-war world. M. Molotov is a capable ventriloquist, who can manipulate five dummies, one after the other or even two or three at once. What will be the outcome of it all, it would be hazardous to prophesy. It can scarcely be peace, in the serious and permanent meaning of that word; it may not even be a series of peace treaties. Yet never was the world in more urgent need of peace; and never were all the Powers more anxious to avoid war and perhaps more fearful lest they be unable to avoid it. In the United States there is a sense of exaltation and confidence because of the unique position of that land, but it is mingled with uneasy bewilderment and apprehension. The Americans are conscious of the advantages and prestige which geography and economics confer upon them; they are alarmed by the responsibilities involved. They alone possess atomic bombs; yet they seem more frightened than anyone else by this possession. The tension in Paris was not, as *The Times* suggested (September 25th), "the issue between Adam Smith and Karl Marx, between an American leaning towards unregulated private enterprise and a Soviet predilection for a fully regimented economy," with Britain committed to neither extreme and repudiating both. No doubt, economic factors have increased the tension, but the conflict was and is, in the main, political and moral. To sidetrack this on to the plane of economic interests is to miss the main points of the Paris conference. The fact that Britain and the United States worked in close harmony throughout the conference and, on most concrete points, were, absolutely and together, opposed to the Russian bloc, is clear proof that this identity of interest and outlook was more clearly recognized in the Luxembourg Palace than in Printing House

Square. This tension has been reflected in our home press, where the *New Statesman*, for example, has emphasized the dangers of a *Pax Americana* and charged the United States with following a policy of new Imperialism, more radical and aggressive than that of Moscow. On the other hand, a large portion of the British press regarded the firm American stand in Paris as the one hope for a proper settlement of Europe. The Americans might answer, very easily, that their policy is directed towards, and would ultimately provide, stability in Europe, and that it is welcomed by the great majority of Europeans; the policy of Moscow, on the other hand, is sinister, encourages and thrives upon chaos and disorder, and is universally loathed and feared.

### Some Features

DESPITE the sterility of the Paris conference, there are several points which call for notice. In the first place, delegates from ex-enemy countries were permitted to appear and state their case. Conspicuous among them was the Italian Premier, Signor De Gasperi. He made an eloquent plea for a more just and generous treatment of Italy, which, he reminded the assembly, had herself overthrown Fascism and given her fleet and hundreds of thousands of her soldiers to the Allied cause; further, in the 18 months of her war against Germany, Italy had lost 120,000 men, not including Italian victims of Nazi concentration camps and the 50,000 partisans, killed in action. In the proposed treaty there was no recognition of Italy's services to the Allies, though the joint declaration of Potsdam, August 2nd, 1945, had explicitly acknowledged that Italy was the first Axis Power to break with Germany and had made a substantial contribution towards Germany's defeat. The treaty, he argued, did not conform to previous Allied statements. It left Italy defenceless, with both her Eastern and Western frontiers wide open. The Trieste discussions had been vitiated from the start by a war psychology and by the absence of a spirit of truth. Even the French line of demarcation in Venezia Giulia—the line accepted by the British, American and Russian delegates, but still denounced by the Yugoslavs—was not an ethnic division, since it abandoned 180,000 Italians to Yugoslavia. With reference to Trieste itself, he asked: "Do you really intend to enclose in the fragile cage of an international statute, with meagre rations and abundant political rights, these two adversaries, and still hope that they will not come to blows? Will not the Slavs call for the help of their brethren deployed five miles away round the city, and will not the Italians reach out, through the narrow one-mile gap, to their own people?" If the reparation clauses were imposed in full, Italy could not pay them; she was faced with a drop of 50 per cent. in the purchasing power of wages and of 45 per cent. in her national income. He asked for no special concessions, only that the peace treaty with Italy should "be framed within that wider peace



which men and women of all countries who fought and suffered for an ideal are awaiting. A nation of workers, 47 million strong, is ready to pool its efforts with yours in the creation of a just and more humane world." That the defeated should be invited to put their case before a peace conference and be heard with respect is something to register, when so much else has been frustration. Another good feature can be discovered in the agreement reached between Italy and Austria, and made public on September 6th, concerning South Tyrol. This region is to be granted a large measure of autonomy within the Italian State. Italian and German will both be official languages; special facilities are to be provided for the export to Austria of Tyrolean wine and fruit. The Hitler-Mussolini pact for the transfer of the population to Germany is annulled, and some 70,000 Tyrolese who left the country are to be encouraged to return. This agreement has since been submitted to the Paris conference, and, despite the opposition of the Russian group, it is to be incorporated into the treaty with Italy. A similar spirit of rapprochement is seen in negotiations between Czechs and Hungarians over the thorny question of repatriation. For some time, relations between them have been bad because of the Czech intention to expel close on half a million Hungarians from Moravia and Slovakia, in exchange for 100,000 Slovaks from Hungary. More recently, in a calmer atmosphere, they contemplate the handing over to Czechoslovakia of some villages on the southern bank of the Danube, opposite Bratislava, and a change of frontier elsewhere in Hungary's favour, this to include the Danubian area of Csalloköz, with its large Hungarian population.

### A United Europe

**M**R. CHURCHILL at Zurich confronted the world with his plea for a United States of Europe and challenged the French by his suggestion of Franco-German rapprochement. The idea of a Europe of countries, closely linked with one another, is not new. It was the common notion men had about Europe in the Middle Ages, prior to the rise of national states. Then the people of Europe were, in the first place, European—this meant, members of an important unity that was Christendom—and only by consequence French or Burgundian or Bavarian. Local loyalties were strong. But they had not been replaced by that wider and more aggressive nationalism, which developed in sixteenth century England and was rampant throughout nineteenth century Europe. This earlier unity was secured by a common acceptance of one Christian and Catholic faith and the recognition of a central religious authority in the see of Rome. Europe then had a spiritual guide and ruler, universally acknowledged. With this went a vaguer but still real acceptance of the Holy Roman Emperor as a counterpart in matters temporal of the Pope. The Emperor's authority was always indefinite, frequently resisted, some-

times ignored. But, even at the worst, his position was symbolic of the unity of Europe. Besides, this consciousness of European unity was assisted by an awareness of enemies to every side: Moors to the South in Portugal and Spain, Tartars and Mongols to the East, Turks to the South-East. If Europe was originally a conception of Greek genius, carved out of the land mass of Eurasia, Christendom became a continent that had constantly to be maintained in the face of incessant attack from without. During the Middle Ages the term "Church Militant" was an ever-present reality. There were occasions, such as the Crusades, when Christendom took the offensive. More normally, its militancy was a militancy of defence. That is why, in their different spheres, Spain and Hungary and Poland have deserved so well of Europe. With the break-up of Christendom in the sixteenth century came the abandonment of this European unity. Mr. Churchill had to turn a blind eye to a good deal of British history and to ignore the responsibility of Britain, whose policy of a balance of power was directed against the strongest Continental country which might have brought about the unity in question. It might have been achieved, but was not, under the hegemony of Austria and Spain or under Napoleonic France or under the Germany of the Hohenzollerns and Nazis. Mr. Churchill could answer, and very rightly, that he was speaking not of a unity imposed from above but proceeding through a federation of countries, associating freely and ever more closely with one another and that, so far as we can judge the signs of our own age, such a federation among Continental peoples is the surest way, maybe the only way, of preserving them from a new and highly unpleasant unity, which might be enforced upon them from the East. There have, of course, been previous suggestions for this unity—among them, the (perhaps unhistorical) *Grand Dessein* that, according to the Memoirs of Sully, was to be worked out by his royal master, Henry IV of France, and Queen Elizabeth of England after their destruction of the House of Austria. Twenty years ago, there was the plan of M. Briand. The Paris conference is the battle for Europe. Maybe it has already been lost in part. But it continues and indeed must continue. Catholics realize how nearly this battle is their concern, for one quarter of the members of the Church live in the disputed lands. And this is no mere political dispute, about frontiers and territories which, in earlier centuries, had little influence upon the livelihood and minds of individual men. It is a dispute for the bodies and minds and lives of a hundred million Europeans.

It is this urgency of situation, recognized by Mr. Churchill, which at once reveals and explains the significance of the Christian political parties that are active throughout the Continent. They represent the European way of life, they emphasize European values and standards, thus allowing for personal liberty, for the rights of individual and family and free association, for a certain human independence

against State or political party. They advocate a Christian philosophy of man—his purpose, his personal worth and dignity, his individual responsibilities—a philosophy, both European and Christian and European because Christian, which inevitably is denied by the materialists. At the same time, this very philosophy of man makes these Christian parties eager for social reconstruction in conformity with the teaching of the Church and in harmony with the essential dignity of man, which this philosophy acknowledges and defends. Politicians and publicists in Britain have been slow to recognize the character of these parties as they have been hesitant to understand the full gravity of the situation in Europe. Elections in various countries are opening their eyes, not least of all in the three zones of Germany, occupied by the Western Powers. The Russians have no illusions about these parties, and directly or through their satellites, they are waging war against them, through propaganda always, frequently through active repression and terrorism.

### A New Jekyll and Hyde

**I**F I remember my Stevenson aright, Mr. Hyde was the vicious aspect of the Jekyll-Hyde personality, that walked abroad and committed crimes, while normally the less alarming aspect of Dr. Jekyll was in evidence. Our post-war relations with Russia have presented us with a revised version of this story, only in reverse. We are quite familiar with the "Hyde-ian" features of MM. Molotov and Vishinsky, but once in a while, to encourage and bewilder us, we are permitted a glimpse of a more benign Jekyll, peering through the Hydes, namely M. Stalin. There is little variety about Soviet tactics which have the merit of consistency rather than cleverness and are as regular in their rhythm as were Nazi tactics; they are, of course, largely identical. Strain is made to alternate with relaxation. Tension is allowed to increase till it comes near breaking point; then suddenly, the tension is eased. The stage directions are obvious. Exit Hyde, enter Jekyll. Exeunt MM. Molotov and Vishinsky, enter Dr. Stalin. This was the chief significance of the recent interview between Mr. Werth, the correspondent, and M. Stalin. Stalin assured his interviewer that he saw no reason why the Western Powers and Russia should not get together, indeed and get along famously, that he did not believe there would be another war, and the rest of it. Possibly, M. Stalin does think this. One would be glad to see this optimism, translated at Paris and in the meetings of the Security Council, into a more co-operative spirit among the Russian delegates and their satellites. But, if M. Stalin does think this, he would be wise to say so under less ambiguous circumstances. He overrates—or does he?—the stupidity and gullibility of the West, when he assured his interviewer that Communist parties in other countries were not directed in their policies and activities from Russia, and that the very suggestion was a

remnant of Nazi and Fascist propaganda. What, are we to believe that there has been no Russian secret police in Poland and Yugoslavia? That the small Communist groups which control Poland and Hungary are great national parties, receiving from Russia nothing but ideological encouragement? That there exist no key-men, trained in Russia and now dispersed throughout East-Central Europe—no Gottwald in Czechoslovakia, nor Bierut in Poland, no Rákosi in Hungary, no "Tito" in Yugoslavia, no Dimitrov in Bulgaria? The Comintern, we are told, is dead. Yes, much as the kings of France in the old days. *Le Comintern est mort. Vive le Comintern.* In a brochure, published in October, 1945, by *Témoignage Chrétien* with the title of *France, prends garde de perdre ta Liberté*, Paul Fessard analyses the attitude of the French Communist Party towards international problems and finds that its attitude has always been dictated by Russia and has varied according to Russia's aims and needs. From 1920 to 1935, it was anti-national, denouncing the army and clamouring for disarmament. It greeted the advent of Hitler and promised that the French working classes would never be dragged into an imperialistic war with Germany. From March, 1935, until the end of August, 1939, it was strongly nationalist. Russia had become alarmed by German rearmament. As late as August 25th, 1939, M. Thorez was declaring that, if Hitler attacked France, he would find the French people united in resistance, the Communists at their head, to defend the security of their country and the freedom of all peoples. Then came the news of the agreement between Ribbentrop and Molotov. Overnight, the militant and nationalistic Communists turned into pacifists. Their leader, M. Thorez, deserted from the army; the rank and file sabotaged the war effort. After June, 1940, when France collapsed, these pacifists became collaborationists. Their paper, *l'Humanité*, still appeared clandestinely. In various numbers, early in July, 1940, it advocated Franco-German friendship, called for energetic action against all "agents of imperialistic Britain" who were persuading Frenchmen to fight for them and denounced General de Gaulle as a lackey of British finance. Then came Hitler's invasion of Russia. These pacifists and collaborationists turned back into nationalists and Frenchmen; they played an important part in resistance movements. But why? Not in French interests but in those of Russia. M. Blum, the French Socialist leader, has summed up their position very aptly (in his *A l'Echelle humaine*, p. 105):

It had become evident that the direction of the French Communist Party did not come from itself, in the proper sense of the word, but was imposed upon it from outside. It blindly obeyed the orders dictated to it, not by an international organization, but by an existing Power, a State which altered these orders in favour of its own national policy and interests. It was not therefore an Internationalist Party, but a Foreign Nationalist Party.



If M. Stalin sincerely entertains the views he expressed to Mr. Werth, he should be very careful how he mixes his answers.

### Trouble in Russia

WHEN difficulties arise in Britain and the U.S.A., e.g., disputes, strikes, or squatter-incidents, they are fully reported in the press; indeed, they are frequently over-reported. They may give an impression of disunion and disorder whereas they are a normal feature of democratic life. Because we hear of few such happenings in a totalitarian State—when they occur, they are handled with ruthlessness, impossible in a democratic community—we may assume that there are no causes of discontent, and that monotony means peace, and that external quiet is interior contentment. Add to this the rigid control of news and a ubiquitous secret police, and you can scarcely expect to notice much beneath the glassy surface of docility which totalitarianism creates. Yet, to-day there is much movement under the steely surface of Russian life. Strong nationalism is asserting itself in the Ukraine. Discontent has led to revolts and further repression. The population of two small Soviet republics in the Crimea and Caucasus have been entirely transferred elsewhere. In the Russian press a campaign is being conducted against corrupt officials within the Party, with angry complaints that peasants have availed themselves of war conditions to desert the collective farms and are cultivating the land as individual proprietors. Well-known writers have been expelled from the State Writers' associations because of their unorthodoxy, for lack of support of the Soviet régime. Returning soldiers who have seen a little of the bourgeois and capitalistic West, though they saw it scarcely at its best, are discontented with their renewed State subservience. During the war, the membership of the Communist Party rose sharply from its original two millions to more than four. Many of these extra members are "unreliable"; they have had no sufficient grounding in Party doctrine and discipline. New schools of political training are being established; members of the Party are to have "refresher" courses. The Marxist scriptures are being re-issued in gigantic editions. Of Stalin's History of the Revolution in Russia more than ten million new copies have been printed. On the day when it reported the interview between Stalin and Mr. Werth, the Russian radio declared that this book of M. Stalin was easily the world's best-seller, and that up to date more than 31,000,000 copies of the book had been sold. This puts its author, though this the Russian radio did not add, into the same literary category as the late Mr. Schicklgruber, author of *Mein Kampf*. Recently there was published in the U.S.A. a book by a Russian, Victor Kravchenko, who was sent to Washington as a member of the Soviet Purchasing Commission to the United States, but left this mission to place himself "under the protection of American democracy."



Kravchenko was a Communist ; he believed in the Revolution, worked for it, survived its many purges, knew its prominent men. His book is an analysis and a record and a terrible indictment. It is also an appeal for the people of Russia, addressed to the peoples of the West. A Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Church Times* speaks of the book, not yet available here, as follows (September 27th) :

The Russian people, despite a quarter century of tyranny, of oppression, and lowering standards of life, still cling to the hope of a better world, of a peaceful world, of one in which man will no longer inform against man. Over and over again in the purge scenes there is some insignificant, frightened little person who dares to speak before being hustled off to the dungeon. That is the message of Victor Kravchenko. The Soviet system is a lie and a misery ; but the Soviet people are simple, natural human beings from whom the breath of liberty, the hope of a new day, the trust in democrats abroad has never yet been snuffed out. They are also, by the hundred thousand, saints and heroes. They have never, in their hearts, abandoned their religion. How often Kravchenko, the Marxist who has been soured, just adds the crucial detail he never quite understands—the picture of his mother on her knees before the ikon, the workman who, on hearing good news, just quickly makes the sign of the cross and is silent for a second.

### Attacks upon the Church

A FEW weeks back, the *Economist* spoke of the European conflict as a struggle between two groups, each with clear ideas and a definite philosophy, namely Catholics and Communists. In East-Central Europe, power is in Communist hands ; the great majority of the people, even when they are not themselves Catholic, support the Catholics. In these countries you have a denial of democracy—in the name of *new democracy*, which has as much to do with democracy as has New Guinea with twenty-one shillings. Could elections be freely held, the power and pressure groups installed there to promote Russian interests would be swept away. Where more or less free elections have been held, as in Hungary, the majority was decisively anti-Communist, so that Communists have been forced to reassert their control through other means. What is holding up the long-promised Polish elections is Communist unwillingness to have any opposition from the Peasant Party or to exhibit its own completely unrepresentative character. All the time, attacks upon the Catholic Church are developing. These have been frontal, as in the Eastern provinces of Poland, annexed by Russia, where the Catholic Ruthenes have been forcibly incorporated into the Orthodox Church, and where there rages a direct and clear-cut persecution. Elsewhere, tactics vary. In Poland itself, there is no direct attack, at least not yet. The Communists in power discriminate, e.g., between Cardinal Sapieha, whom they affect to honour, and Cardinal Hlond, whom they

denounce. They encourage and favour any separatist movement, however trivial. They trust that, by removing prominent members of the Peasant Party, they are depriving the Church of valuable lay apostles. From Poland to Hungary, the tactics change. In Hungary, these approximate to those of the Nazis. Again, no direct attack, but a Communist-controlled press and radio issue a stream of criticism and abuse against Catholic personalities. The idea is to drive the Church out of public and national life, to abolish Catholic charitable and youth organizations on various pleas, to introduce a secular system of education. What this means, was clear in Germany; to-day it is clear in Hungary. From Hungary to Yugoslavia, the tactics change once again, and this time the attack upon the Church is direct; it is a genuine persecution. Not only are all Catholic societies abolished, and all education ruthlessly secularised, in the most radical Communist manner. But it is being made impossible for the Church to function. Bishops are in exile, like Mgr. Rozman, of Ljubljana, or have to remain away from their sees, like Mgr. Butorac of Cattaro, who is compelled to reside in Ragusa. The recent arrest of Archbishop Stepinac brings this persecution to a head. Of the clergy, many priests have been murdered; a large number of parishes are without priests (there are 67 in this state in the district of Banja Luka). In Slovenia, every priest must obtain written permission from the Ministry of the Interior before he may officiate; even when this is granted, the secret police censor his sermons, search his house and have probably removed all his books. Figures from Rome (c.f. *Civiltà Cattolica*, September 7th, 1946) tell of two hundred priests who have been murdered, of another hundred in prisons, and of more than four hundred in exile. Nor is this persecution confined to Catholics, though they are its chief victims. The Orthodox too have suffered, and the Orthodox Patriarch, Gavrilo, is in exile. There has been rapprochement between Catholics and Orthodox—than which nothing is less convenient to the monstrous régime of Josip Broz, widely known as "Marshal Tito." The prestige of Archbishop Stepinac stands so high, and his record during the war was so outstanding, that his arrest is a deliberate move in the persecution of the Catholic Church. He withstood the Croat puppet administration of Pavelich, some of whose closest associates now hold important posts under the Broz régime; protested against the enforced conversion of Orthodox Serbs, which was a political device for separating Serbs from Croats; protected Jews, and organized the *Caritas* relief work, which was made available for all alike. The Archbishop's patriotic record goes back much further. To quote from the *Church Times* (September 27th):

As a Croat subject of Austria-Hungary (Mgr. Stepinac) volunteered in the last war, as "Tito" did not, to fight in the Serb army for Yugoslavia. During his episcopate, he openly attacked the Belgrade

dictatorship, and stood up for Croat rights, as "Tito" did not, save fitfully from safe places like Madrid.

A statement from Archbishop's House, Westminster, urged the British Government, "and all those who have the concern for the liberty of the individual at heart, to leave no stone unturned to secure the immediate release of this great defender of freedom." The Cardinal's statement was most timely and to the point since Broz attained his present position, very largely with the assistance of the Western Powers. And this assistance has brought tragedy to the peoples of Yugoslavia. The Archbishop was arrested precisely because he has been and is "a great defender of freedom." There is no freedom and no room for it, in the Yugoslavia of Josip Broz.

### **The New Father General**

ON Sunday, September 15th, a Belgian Jesuit, Father John Janssens, was elected General of the Society of Jesus in succession to the late Father Wlodimir Ledóchowski, who died in 1943. Delegates from more than fifty provinces, and representing more than thirty countries, had assembled in Rome for the General Congregation which was due to commence on September 5th. Ten days later, Father Janssens was unanimously chosen. He was born on December 22nd, 1889, in Malines. He studied, from 1899 to 1905, at the Diocesan College of Hasselt and then, for two years, followed a course of law at the Institut Saint-Louis in Brussels. Entering the Society in 1907, he made his novitiate in Tronchiennes and, his philosophy studies completed, he returned to those of law. He was at the University of Louvain from 1912 to 1914 and there passed his legal examinations with the highest mark of academic success. He began theology in 1914 but interrupted his theological course to teach Latin for two years in the Antwerp Collège Notre-Dame. Ordained priest in 1918, he continued his study of law—this time of Canon Law—at the Gregorian University in Rome, taking a doctorate of Canon Law in 1923. He came back to Belgium in that year and was appointed professor in the Society's Faculty of Theology in Louvain. From 1929 to 1935 he was Rector of the Jesuit college in Louvain, from 1935 to 1938 Instructor of Tertiaries at Tronchiennes, and from 1938 until his election to the highest position within the Society, he was Provincial of the Northern Belgian province. That is the bare curriculum of the new General's career. His experience has been many-sided. He is student and scholar, with distinguished records at Louvain and the Gregorian University and years as professor of Canon Law. He is an expert administrator, having been for six years Rector of a theological college and for eight years, including the years of war and German occupation, Provincial of a large province. In addition, he was nominated in 1943 pro-Vicar-General for Holland and Belgium, owing to the special problems of those countries under

enemy occupation—a post he held till the close of hostilities on the Continent. As Instructor of Tertians, from 1935 to 1938, he was directly concerned with a most important spiritual work in the Society, the formation of young priests after their theological studies. Those who know him and those who have lived under his authority as Rector and Provincial or under his religious guidance as Tertian Instructor, express deep appreciation of his personality and character. They speak of him as firm, yet definitely broadminded; as direct of manner yet always courteous; as a man of insight and sympathetic understanding; as learned, and still able to lecture lucidly and to preach in a forthright and popular style; as keenly interested in social and charitable problems and anxious to promote Christian Social movements. He speaks many languages, among them a very fluent English, and is interested in English Catholic history, particularly in the English martyrs.

### A More Personal Appreciation

ON the morning after the election, an appreciation of the new General appeared in *La Libre Belgique*. It was contributed by Father L. de Coninck, Superior of the Gesù in Brussels. For more than three years Father de Coninck was imprisoned in Dachau. An account of his prison experiences and of the reflections of himself and his fellow-priest prisoners was given in two recent MONTH articles, for March-April and May-June, 1946. In the Society, Father de Coninck was two years senior to the new General, and his first memory is of a vigorous and earnest young man, arriving at Tronchiennes, with a black beard. He emphasizes the influence exercised upon Father Janssens of his years in Louvain. Louvain was a centre of marked intellectual activity. In his community were professors of the rare quality of Fathers Creusen, Charles, de Ghellinck, de Moreau and Maréchal; there were students from many provinces of the Society. Father de Coninck calculates that, during his six years as Rector, Father Janssens had under him students from 26 different provinces, that is from half the Society's provinces. This has given him a personal understanding of national characters and national problems. As Rector, he stimulated and inspired. Father de Coninck gives one example. A group of theologians became very interested in catechetical work. Father Janssens encouraged them. They persevered. The result was the foundation of the Louvain *Centre Documentaire Catéchétique*, which has since developed into an institute for catechetical studies, with a library and documentation, possibly the best of its kind in the world. Early in 1946, this *Centre* issued the first number of an international review on catechetical questions, with articles in three languages; the review is entitled *Lumen Vitæ*. Father de Coninck speaks of the new General's perspicacity and clarity of outlook as also of his breadth of view, with which qualities are joined



a consciousness of responsibility and the readiness to take decisions. From his own experience he gives this example :

During the war, at the beginning of 1941, he asked me to see him, and told me that certain people were afraid that my freedom of speech in the pulpit would bring me into serious trouble. He did not in any way suggest that I should keep quiet. He merely asked me not to go looking for trouble. It was his opinion that what ought to be said should be said and that a preacher in our circumstances was justified in taking reasonable risks. I followed his advice and, encouraged by his approval, did what I considered to be my duty as a preacher. It brought me to Dachau—and I don't regret that. He told me that he had taken all necessary steps, on the assumption that sooner or later I would be taken off to prison.

To all who approached him and had to speak to him about pressing war-time difficulties, he gave the impression of being extremely alive to exigencies and dangers. He had a grave, earnest and striking manner. He was clear-sighted, judicious . . . and especially was he calm. During my arrest and trial, one of the police who had searched his room and mine told me that he admired and envied the calm and self-possession of Father Janssens.

Father de Coninck stresses the strong and virile piety of the new General. He is a man of prayer, with a great love for the liturgy and the service of church and altar. On many an occasion had he, as Provincial, said to Father de Coninck, Superior of the *Gesù* in Brussels : " Please, don't hesitate to call on me to give a weekday Benediction or to distribute Communion. Every liturgical function, every office in church is an honour, the honour of serving God ; I shall never refuse it." Father Janssens is the fourth Belgian to be elected General of the Society. The choice is a signal honour for his province, indeed for the two provinces of Belgium. The English province too has some share in this honour, for the Belgian provinces, with the provinces of England, Ireland, English and French Canada and the vice-province of Australia, constitute the English Assistancy of the Society of Jesus. In addition to the General, Assistants have been elected for the eight Assistancies. The new English Assistant is Father John Hannon, of the Irish province, professor of theology and Rector at Milltown Park, Dublin, who in recent years has acted as Visitor to all the houses of the Irish Christian Brothers. The American Assistant is Father Vincent A. McCormick, at one time Rector of the theologate of Woodstock College and later Rector of the Gregorian University, Rome—an office he retained till the entry of Italy into the war. Since then, Father McCormick has been resident at the Curia in Rome and has a long and wide experience of both European and American affairs. One further assistant has close links with this country, the new Assistant for the German provinces. The German Assistancy includes the Dutch province, and its new Assistant is a Dutchman, Father Pieter van Gestel, previously Rector of the theologate at Maastricht, and a former " philosopher," from



1921 to 1924, at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, in Northern England. During the war he was arrested by the Germans and imprisoned at Dachau. Finally, may we extend a sincere welcome to the new Dominican Master General, who was elected in Rome on September 22nd. He is Father Manoel Suarez, a distinguished theologian and canonist, who was, until his election, Rector of the Angelicum in Rome.

### A Golden Jubilee

THIS summer the English Province of the Society keeps the golden jubilee of the foundation of its Hall at Oxford. For centuries Oxford and Cambridge had been homes of Anglican privilege because students and fellows had to subscribe to various tests and declarations; Catholics and Dissenters generally could not be admitted. The position was gradually improved during the nineteenth century, and the disabilities largely swept away by Mr. Gladstone's Test Act of 1870. Catholics began to go to Oxford, though at first they received little encouragement from the bishops. After much discussion, a decree of Propaganda, of April 17th, 1895, gave them official permission to study at the older universities, provided certain conditions were fulfilled, and this decision was made public in a Joint Letter of the English hierarchy, dated August 1st, 1896. One month previously, the Holy See had ruled that this permission was extended to priests and members of religious orders. The Society of Jesus opened a private hall in Oxford, on September 9th, 1896. Father Richard Clarke was in charge of the venture; four scholastics arrived to begin their university studies, the late Fathers Keogh, Bridge and Francis Irwin, and Father George Kelly. Father Richard Clarke was born in London in 1839, had been a boy at Merchant Taylors whence he won a scholarship at St. John's, Oxford. He entered St. John's in 1856 (incidentally, he rowed No. 2 in the University boat in 1859), took his M.A. in 1864, and received Anglican Orders at the hands of Bishop Wilberforce; he was for some time a Fellow and Tutor of St. John's. In 1869, he became a Catholic and, two years afterwards, entered the Society of Jesus, where he was ordained in 1878. Father Clarke was a constant contributor to *THE MONTH*, and the span of his contributions ranges from 1870, the year prior to his admission to the Society, until 1900, the year of his death. He was editor of *THE MONTH* from 1882 to 1894, and superior of the newly-established college of Wimbledon from 1894 till 1895. The first Oxford Hall was No. 40 St. Giles, and it was soon obvious that it was too small. Father Clarke wanted No. 11. This was known originally as Middleton Hall and, centuries back, it had belonged to the nuns of Godstow, being their grange or receiving house. It had been occupied for some years prior to 1896 by Professor Price, before he became Master of Pembroke College. It had a good garden and a wing had been added to the house with a room very suitable

for a chapel. The house was the property of St. John's, but Mr. Price held it on a renewable lease. This lease he refused to sub-let on the grounds, we are told, that the boots of undergraduates would damage the staircase and the rooms. To this problem of premises was added the further problem of securing some more permanent status for the new Hall, more permanent than its first status as the *aula privata Magistri Clarke* (Clarke's Hall).

### Further Developments

**H**OWEVER, the Jesuits moved into No. 11 St. Giles in June, 1897. Early in the following year, they bought the lease of No. 13, which was a shop selling Japanese goods, and No. 13 became the Annexe to the Hall, established in No. 11. Father Clarke died on September 10th, 1900. After some discussion with the University, the Vice-Chancellor nominated Father John O'Fallon Pope, S.J., M.A., of Christ Church, and gave him his diploma, writing it out with his own hand. On this point a constitutional difficulty arose but this was smoothed over, to the Society's advantage, by Convocation. In future the Vice-Chancellor was empowered to nominate a successor to the Master of the Hall, though the name of the Hall might not be changed to that of the new Master until he had fulfilled the necessary terms of residence. Accordingly, in 1902 Clarke's Hall became Pope's Hall. Father O'Fallon Pope renovated No. 11 St. Giles and was able to purchase Nos. 14 and 15 St. Giles, as well as No. 13, leased since 1898, with a view to future development. Nos. 13 and 14 were acquired from Balliol College. After sixteen years in Oxford, Father O'Fallon Pope was succeeded by Father Charles Plater, and on June 15th, 1917, Pope's Hall became Plater's Hall. That was the last of its temporary names. On May 14th, 1918, a decree was carried in Convocation that what was Plater's Hall should in future be *Campion Hall* (*aula Beati Edmundi Campion* had always been its title within the Society), a permanent Hall independent of the demise of its Master and under the control of a governing body. This body consisted of the Provincial and consultors of the English Province of the Society. The Master is nominated by the governing body, subject to the approval of Convocation, but no licence was required to have the Hall. By a concession of the Vice-Chancellor, granted on March 7th, 1919, the Master of *Campion Hall* is empowered to put on his books and accept as members of the Hall even men who do not belong to the Society of Jesus. Father Plater, it will be remembered, was the chief founder and the early inspiration of the Catholic Social Guild. From June 26th to July 4th, 1920, an Oxford Summer School was promoted by the new Social Guild. *Campion Hall* lodged 12 of the 50 men attending it. Hence the development of the Catholic Workers' College. The experiment was repeated in 1921, but meanwhile Father Plater had died in Malta, on a visit to the

island, and had been succeeded in May, 1921, by Father Henry Keane, S.J.

### Academic Successes

CAMPION Hall has the distinction of being the first Catholic Hall, regularly established within the University of Oxford since the Reformation. It has the further distinction of having provided, during its fifty years' existence, a splendid record of academic successes. To mention names would be invidious, as their recipients are, in the main, alive and very active. A report, compiled in 1934, stated that of 62 candidates who sat for Honour Moderations between 1898 and that year, 45 had secured First or Second Class Honours, 14 gaining First Class Honours in Classics, and 5 in Mathematics. In the Final Schools, 57 out of 68 had obtained First or Second Class Honours, including eleven First Class Honours in the classical finals, "Greats."

Father Thomas Corbishley, the present Master of the Hall, has given me the following statistics. Since the beginning, 220 students have been matriculated. Of these, there have been 60 First Class results in Moderations and Finals, and 85 Second Classes. Scholarships and prizes number 25. Among these prizes are the following: Hertford Scholarship, Craven Scholarship, Derby Scholarship, John Locke Scholarship, Gibb's Scholarship; the Gaisford prizes for Greek Verse and Greek Prose, the Chancellor's Latin Verse prize, the Ellerton Essay, the Stanhope Historical Essay; the Cromer Greek prize, the Charles Oldham prize (twice), the Green Moral Philosophy prize (twice), the Arnold Essay (twice) and the Lothian Historical prize (three times). In addition to this scholastic achievement has been the activity of members of the Senior Common Room in lecturing to university students. Here, Fathers Joseph Rickaby, C. C. Martindale, M. C. D'Arcy and L. J. Walker have been prominent. The long-standing problem of larger and more spacious premises was solved during the Mastership of Father M. C. D'Arcy (1933-45). Under his guidance, the Hall was transferred from St. Giles to Brewer St., where the new Hall, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, has added new lustre to Oxford (it is the only Lutyens building there) and has permitted Campion Hall to fulfil its purpose on a wider and more generous scale. The new building incorporates the greater part of an older foundation, Micklem Hall. This has been cleverly preserved, together with its charming garden. The new Campion Hall was opened in June, 1936. At the inaugural ceremony were many distinguished guests, among them the Duke of Berwick and Alba and the Vice-Chancellor, A. D. Lindsay. The Duke of Alba then pronounced this significant sentence, which since then has gained greatly in significance: "I am confident that this new Hall will do what is so essential in these days—stand for and promote that humane, wise and exalted culture which has made the greatness of the West. Some-

thing alien to the whole tradition of Europe is in our midst, and it threatens barbarism." There was a detailed description of the new Hall in *Country Life* for June 27th, 1936, by Mr. Arthur Oswald.

### Another Golden Jubilee

**A**NOTHER golden jubilee takes us to a very different sphere of the work of the English Jesuits. This is the jubilee of St. George's College, now in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. The history of the English Jesuits in this part of Central Africa during the past seventy years is an interesting one, but it should be added that they have been manfully assisted by other Jesuits, Germans and Poles in the first place. Missionaries of the Society penetrated into this country, later to be called Rhodesia, even prior to 1880. It was a native mission; there was no question of catering for the whites, since there were next to no whites to be catered for. However, the whites gradually arrived; a railway was constructed. In 1893, a few of the missionaries started to teach white children in Bulawayo. Three years subsequently, a regular college was inaugurated. Its buildings were primitive. There was a church of galvanised iron and a small presbytery: the church was used for Mass on Sundays and for a school on weekdays. Later, a larger church was erected, and its predecessor converted into a dining room and dormitory. By instalments, buildings were added, and in 1912 the new college was formally inaugurated by Earl Grey. The number of boys had increased, from 50 in 1897 to 130 in 1912. Among the missionaries who began the Zambesi Mission and St. George's College was Father Daignault, a French Canadian. As a young man, he had come from Canada and joined the Papal Zouaves to fight for Pius IX against Garibaldi. He entered the Society of Jesus, and was Superior of this new mission from 1877 to 1891. In 1891, when Cecil Rhodes was organizing his expedition to Rhodesia, Father Daignault offered to send with the forces some Dominican nuns as nurses and one or two priests as chaplains. Another of the pioneers was Father Barthélemy, who came to Rhodesia in 1895 and opened St. George's in the following year. Subsequently, the school was transferred from Bulawayo to Hartmann Hill, Salisbury. Its new buildings in Salisbury were designed by Father Lebœuf, architect of the Catholic Cathedral in Salisbury and of the college chapel of St. Aidan's, Grahamstown. The grounds are some 50 acres in extent and they are enclosed by Alexandra Park, which forms a splendid setting for the college. The August number of the *Shield*, the first Catholic monthly ever published in Rhodesia, has an account of the golden jubilee celebrations: dinner, dance, play and rugby matches, in addition to more religious ceremonies. The account ends on a confident note: "Proudly, then, and with trust, we face with fearless eyes the future years, and see a whole vista of success in the words beneath the College arms—*ex Fide Fiducia*."



# A PRIEST PRISONER WITH THE JAPS

I. JAVA, SINGAPORE, 1942-1944

“**H**ULLO, Your Reverence.” The comfortable Glasgow accent floated down to me from the bank, as I sat with a number of other lads in a muddy stream, trying to have a bath. “I hear you’re the priest.” I said I was, and in due course climbed out and met the first, and one of the best, of my Catholic P.O.W.’s. And so began my ministry. This was on March 9th, 1942, at a place called Tasik Malaja, in the centre of Java. The island had capitulated the previous day, and a large number of British, mostly R.A.F., had been ordered to assemble in this spacious, unfinished Dutch aerodrome, to await the arrival of the Japanese. Life was easy, we had plenty of rations, and it was about five days before we saw our captors. There was a sense of unreality about it all: most of us had never seen any action, none of us had ever seen the enemy except from afar, as he sailed by above, master of the air. Prisoners of war! It sounded artificial, and none of us had any notion of what lay ahead. Fantastic rumours began to circulate: there had been an invasion of the Continent, and the British line stretched from Cherbourg across France to Marseilles. One man, who suggested that we should have to wait at least two years for liberation, was shouted down as a pessimist. Luckily one cannot see into the future!

I soon gathered together a small congregation, and we took over a garage, which within a few days was converted into a very satisfactory little church. Sammy, the lad who had greeted me from the bank—it is not usual to meet one’s priest stark naked for the first time!—and Sid, who later died, built a predella, an altar, and laid down some very adequate kneelers, upholstered with the inner tubes of lorries. There was daily Mass, which was well attended. Within a few days a small detachment of Chinese lads from the Singapore S.T.C. was marched into the camp, among whom were several Catholics. These youngsters proved to be very keen: they were smart, and well-disciplined, with a splendid morale, and they were a welcome addition to my congregation.

Palm Sunday came, and it was a luxury to cut down large, eight-foot palm fronds to decorate the church. It was easy to picture the Jews waving palms such as these, when Our Lord rode in triumph into Jerusalem! We prepared for Easter, but on Maundy Thursday 1,200 of us were put in a train and taken East, to a camp near Malang, high up in the mountains, in a land of extinct volcanoes. We arrived on Holy Saturday, so that Easter Mass had to be celebrated in stark



simplicity, with candles serving not merely as decorations, but to enable the priest to read the Mass.

We stayed in that camp for five months. On the whole it was a good camp: it was situated about 1,500 feet above sea level, amid magnificent scenery, and it was blessed with as fine a tropical climate as I have ever met. It grew hot as the day advanced, but there was always a cool breeze which arose about eleven in the morning and blew till three or four in the afternoon. Accommodation was tolerably good; there was a great deal of food to be bought from the natives, through the barbed wire, including every sort of tropical fruit; the men worked on the local airfield, filling in bomb holes and so on, and the guards—members of the Jap Air Force—behaved on the whole quite correctly.

We organized regular concerts, and ran a canteen-shop which would have done credit to the Naafi. Prices were low in those early days, and Java was well stocked with food of every sort; and at that time there was a considerable quantity of money among us. The Dutch ladies, who had not yet been molested, used to send in large quantities of cigarettes, books (in English) and clothes: we British P.O.W.'s owe a large debt of gratitude to those wonderful Dutch women. Some of their activities on our behalf were permitted by the "Nips" (no P.O.W. ever spoke of "Japs"): others were severely frowned upon, but they displayed a delightfully impudent boldness in making contacts with us in the teeth of Nip opposition. God bless them!

Early on in this camp the status of chaplains came up for discussion. Officers were required to supervise working parties, and to the Nips a chaplain was an officer, and must take his turn. Considerable firmness and courage were called for on the part of our own C.O. before the Nip commandant consented to excuse the Methodist chaplain and myself from this duty. We had to keep our freedom, for there was work to do within the camp: but having established the principle, we became less free than anyone else, for we never dared to go out, voluntarily, with the lads, lest we should lose our privilege. Hence it was that of those 1,200 men, the chaplains were perhaps the only men who never set foot outside the confines of the camp in five months. There was a camp hospital, filled with men suffering mostly from dysentery and ulcers, and I used to read to them every afternoon, provide occasional fruit salads, and generally keep an eye as far as possible on their welfare. Conditions in that hospital were relatively good, except for a certain shortage of drugs; it was a heaven compared with the "hospitals" in Sumatra. Two lads asked for instruction at this time, and one of them later became a very fine Catholic. I said Holy Mass every morning, and on Sunday evenings there was a sermon. The Nips never made any attempt to interfere; indeed, it was possible to send

a note to the Carmelite fathers in the city and receive from them a new stock of altar wine, hosts and candles.

On July 8th, seven months after the Japanese entry into the war, our captors held high holiday; we had previously had double rations on the Emperor's birthday, which occurs towards the end of May. On the later occasion, in all the camps in Java, as far as I know, the gates were thrown open and the Dutch ladies were allowed to visit us, together with their children. They came laden with good things of every kind, angels of charity, types and figures of the Red Cross ladies who met us on our release three years later. These holidays were to be held every six months, but we never enjoyed another. Japanese policy towards P.O.W.'s grew steadily more severe.

During this period four men attempted to escape. Two were brought back first, and the whole camp was paraded in a hollow square, to watch those lads being brutally beaten. They stood there like Guardsmen: and we could do nothing! We were somewhat consoled, all the same, with the reflection: "They will hardly shoot them, if they have beaten them like that." Little did we know their methods. The others were soon rounded up, and after three or four days' close arrest, all four were marched to the aerodrome, and shot in the presence of our C.O. They were marched to the dispersal pen in a procession which consisted of their executioners, the grave-diggers, and two Nips carrying wreaths of flowers! And that same evening the Japanese commandant sent our C.O. a bottle of beer! Here you begin to see how incomprehensible those Orientals are: wreaths of flowers and a bottle of beer, provided, I have not the shadow of doubt, with the best of intentions and never a thought of mockery. I should add that we chaplains were not permitted to speak to the condemned men, nor to be present at their execution.

At the end of July, six hundred of the P.O.W.'s in that camp were sent on a draft, which eventually reached Borneo, where nearly all of them perished. Among them was Jack Wanless, the Methodist padre, who was one of the best chaplains I ever met, whose friendliness and real piety endeared him to all who knew him. May he rest in the peace he so richly earned!

It became a fixed conviction among P.O.W.'s that the camp you were going to would inevitably be worse than the one you were about to leave, particularly as the Nips invariably told us we were going to "a very good camp," and they, we were convinced, were all liars. However unpleasant one's present conditions, "better a devil you know. . . ." So when we learned that we remaining six hundred were to go to a camp in Soerabaja, we feared the worst. We set out in lorries on September 1st, 1942, and slowly sank down from our mountains into the hot, windless plains, as though we were entering a furnace. The heat was terrific.

I spent about seven months in that city, during which time I lived in three different camps. The first was a boys' day school, the "Lyceum Camp," where about 2,500 P.O.W.'s lived in a building designed to house about 300 day scholars. Overcrowding was a mild word to describe those conditions. Food was almost entirely confined to rice (we had plenty of it, but who can subsist for months on rice?); there was so little meat that if any lad found a piece large enough to pick up on a fork, he held it up in proud triumph; normally one could just detect some microscopic spots of meat floating in the thin watery mess. There was a kind of stringy weed provided as vegetables, which, I was informed, the poorer natives fed to their cattle. The rains set in in earnest, and the open spaces were turned into a quagmire. Dysentery was rife in this camp; accommodation for the sick was very inadequate, and a number of men died. The Japanese, who during the whole course of our captivity, showed little or no concern for the sick, took a considerable interest in the dead. There would be a full parade of all the camp, with the coffin set on trestles in the middle of the parade ground; Colonel Kawabe, who was commandant of the Soerabaja area, arrived, advanced solemnly to the bier and, having removed his cap, bowed stiffly for a few moments before the coffin, replaced his cap, saluted and withdrew. There were two or three wreaths, provided at the expense of the Japanese, and a hearse which was an unavoidable source of mirth. For it was decorated with skull and crossbones, and driven by a native who was clad in black with a shiny top-hat that might have come from the recesses of a greenroom, and whose feet were bare. In all the camps I knew in Java the same attention was paid to the dead: in Batavia they once bought a quantity of fruit to be laid on the grave, but when we pointed out that we had no such custom they offered it to the hospital (and then took it away!) Later, in Sumatra, all these courtesies ceased.

In the "Lyceum" camp we were allowed one religious service a week. I therefore suggested to the C. of E. padre that he should have this service, since he had a larger congregation, and I would offer Holy Mass unobtrusively in a corner of "Casey's Court." This I did all the time I was there, and no guard ever interrupted us: I do not think they ever knew we were there. On weekdays I said Mass in "St. Peter's." This was a disreputable lean-to shed, built by a lad whose name was Peter, and he lived in it when he was not working, and slept on a broad board there at night. This shed was set up just outside the window of one of the barracks, and before I arrived in the morning Peter used to hang a blanket across the window (which had no glass in it), and clear his effects off the board he used for his bed. Here I offered the Holy Sacrifice, with Peter serving and one or at the most two others squeezed in the corners. The lads in the barracks were busy devouring their rice, and filling

the air with rich service language and not a little profanity, utterly unaware of my presence ; I might have leaned across at the Consecration and touched the boy who was sitting just behind the blanket, so close were they. Christ was on the altar, and glad to be so near His brethren, who surely received a blessing as they sat at their watery rice.

There was plenty to do for a chaplain, visiting the sick and making friends with all the lads in the barracks : at this time I was also instructing two converts.

In October, the Nips suddenly decided to pay us. By a legal fiction we were declared to have been P.O.W.'s only from September 1st, and we were paid as from that date. As a squadron leader I received 220 guilders a month. 60 guilders were deducted for "board and lodging" (! !), and we were given 25 guilders, the balance being put in the Yokohama Specie Bank for us. The men were paid a small sum daily when they were working. In nearly every camp I was in there was a camp fund, to which we officers contributed on an average about 50 per cent. of our pay ; the fund was used to buy extra food with which to improve the diet, whenever such purchases were allowed.

Just before Christmas, 1942, half of that camp was moved to a new camp called "Darmo" on the outskirts of Soerabaja. This move was forced on the authorities because of the spread of dysentery. We were relatively well off in the new surroundings, but our stay lasted only for six weeks. On Christmas Eve the Catholics gathered in a hut : there were Dutch, British, and Menadoes (native troops from Celebes) ; I read the Gospel of St. Luke, and preached a little sermon, and we said some prayers. Then a grizzled brown veteran spoke in Menadonese to his companions : the earnestness and piety in his face and voice were most edifying, and they listened in deep silence. We then sang "Angels we have heard on high," and the native troops sang the same hymn in their own language. I had had the happiness previously to receive two lads into the Church, one of whom, Joseph Lolang, was a Menadonese native, coming to Christ from Mohammedanism. I said my three Masses on Christmas morning, and the C. of E. padre held a service for his lads, and a carol concert in the evening. The Nips had allowed us a holiday, and sent in quantities of sweets to grace the occasion.

Early in the New Year we were all marched back to the city, to an immense camp known as the "Jaarmart" ; it was the site of an annual Fair before the war. There were, I suppose, well over three thousand men shut up here : British, Australians, New Zealanders, Americans, Dutch, Ambons, Menadoes, Chinese, as well as several citizens of other countries (some neutral !). One could write a book about this camp : its primitive accommodation, its rations, the "Bull" (a guard who broke a number of eardrums),



the heat and the rain, and the myriad bugs which infested the whole camp, and many other marvels. I shall confine myself, as far as possible, to my experiences as a chaplain. Religious services were permitted, but one was forbidden to preach. (The Nips were very frightened of seditious meetings, and it never penetrated their heads that all we prayed for was a quiet life, and were really very harmless, both in fact and in intentions.) However, one preached, with the bible open in one's hand, and if a guard appeared, one "continued" reading. The senior C. of E. padre was given three days solitary confinement for preaching; he told me he rather enjoyed the solitude and privacy!

The attendance of British Catholics at Mass, even on weekdays, was very good indeed; about 75 per cent. came to Mass on Sundays, and in this we outdistanced the Dutch Catholics. There was a saintly Dutch Carmelite in this camp, an elderly man with white hair and a benign, slightly Pickwickian air about him. The whole camp held him in veneration; hence you may imagine our fury when one of the guards beat him for interceding for a lad who was in trouble, and made him kneel for a time in the middle of the parade ground. He knelt there in his brown habit, and when I commiserated with him later he smiled and said, "We priests are used to kneeling." He was drowned later, when a ship full of P.O.W.'s was torpedoed on its way to Padang, in Sumatra. R.I.P.

One day, we chaplains had a great surprise. We were all summoned to a full-dress conference to discuss religious matters with the Nips. This was probably the result, in part, of the various protests we had sent in from time to time. We were ushered into a room, where five glasses of Japanese tea decorated the table. Colonel Kawabe came in, accompanied by the camp commandant, two interpreters, and three guards. We all sat down, three Protestants, the Carmelite and myself. The proceedings were formal: we were permitted only to answer the questions they put to us, and these were not such as to leave us much scope. We tried to explain our functions, our work for the souls of men, and our duties to the sick and dying. It was clear that they understood none of these things. I cannot remember the questions, but the final one was: "How do you think we can prevent future wars?" We all insisted that there was but one way: the world must be made Christian, in faith and in practice. To this they gave some cynical reply, and we were dismissed. We came away with the feeling that we had made little impression on them; it was a comfort to have smoked a number of Colonel Kawabe's cigarettes during the course of the conference!

Whether they really wanted to learn, and to help, or whether it was merely "window-dressing," it is impossible to say. Let us give them credit for their good intentions. In general, all the time I was a prisoner, I felt very acutely that I was meeting real *heathens*



for the first time in my life ; and there is a world of difference between one of our European pagans, who has inherited the Christian ethic, and an Oriental heathen. *There is no baptism in their make-up* ; they are sprung from a race that, in general, has never been regenerated by the spirit of Christianity. Their cruelty (very real, but apt to be exaggerated by propaganda), their total absence of respect for human life and suffering, their lack of reverence for womankind, their propensity to lies, all these things, I am convinced must be explained by their heathendom. I used to say to the lads, "This is what we Europeans must have been like before the coming of the Gospel, due allowances being made for the differences between East and West." And yet they would make first-rate Christians, as St. Francis Xavier discovered : they have a great capacity for self-sacrifice and loyalty, and seem, at least, to despise excessive love of comfort ; they seem (but I may be mistaken) to take things very literally, and without compromise. There was a Chinese lad in the "Lyceum" camp who was badly tortured by the guards for three or four days. I saw him weeping in sheer misery. When they let him go, one of the lads said to him, "Never mind ! Your turn will come and you can do the same to them." The Chinese boy looked surprised (he was a Christian), and replied quite simply, "But you can't do that if you are a Christian ! While they were beating me, I was praying for them." I feel that Jap Christians would think like that.

There were undoubtedly a number of brutes among them : but there were not a few very reasonable and good fellows as well, scattered up and down in the twelve camps of my experience. I met only three Catholics among them, one of whom was a very devout youngster, indeed, and my friend. He had helped the priests considerably in a camp in Singapore, I believe ; when I knew him in Sumatra he was unable to help me, apart from the gifts of occasional bananas and a large fish. He spoke a little English, and I once heard his confession. He told me that it was very difficult for a Catholic to practise his religion in the Jap army : Christianity was officially frowned upon.

In general, during three and a half years, little hindrance was shown to chaplains. They could not, or would not, understand us ; they rarely gave us any assistance or encouragement : but they did not (except in Batavia) forbid us to hold services. They were not interested. The camp in Tjimahi, of which more later, was an exception in our favour ; the camp in Batavia was the reverse.

To return to the "Jaarmart" in Soerabaja. There was a large hospital within the camp, filled with men suffering from various forms of avitaminosis : many were afflicted with "burning feet" (a particularly intolerable form of neuritis), others were partly blind, some had scabies, some beri-beri, and many had continual dysentery.

The conditions in the hospital, which was a bamboo structure roofed with palm fronds ("atap"), were very primitive. I used to spend a total of three hours a day in there, reading to the lads, providing books, and later we ran a "tea service": one of the P.O.W.'s and I would arrive each afternoon with a trolley carrying a large urn of tea, freshly made and really hot ("not like hospital char"), which was exceedingly welcome. The tea I used to beg from the lads in the barracks. If a guard happened to wander through the hospital—a comparatively rare event, for they had an absurd dread of infection—all the sick men had to "lie at attention," under pain of being beaten. This was enjoined in a printed order in the camp!

There was a remarkable answer to united prayer, in this camp. Two problems faced me: there was a very sick American in the city hospital, a Catholic, and it was imperative that I should get leave to visit him. While one was free to administer to the sick in the camp hospital, it had never been permitted to any chaplain to go to the outside hospital. When a man had died, oh yes, one might go out to bury him: the idea that he needed preparation for his passing was alien to their whole outlook. The Dutch liaison officer told me there was well-nigh no hope of getting permission. Secondly, I had only enough altar wine for about two more Masses, and I was told again that it was exceedingly unlikely that they would consent to send a message to the Bishop (who was still at liberty) to ask for fresh supplies. I told all the R.C.'s that I was going to offer Holy Mass for those two intentions on Sunday, "and I want you all to come to communion and pray for them." They came, in very large numbers. The next day, when I returned to my bed-space in the evening, behold! on my bed there was a bottle of altar wine, and a tin of hosts! And the very next morning, at ten, I was suddenly called and told there was a funeral party going to the outside hospital, to collect a body; I could go with them, make my way to the sick man and be picked up by the lorry on its return. And so it was done, and that American lad died well fortified with the Sacraments. (The Nip commandant never knew I had been out of the camp!) So the next Sunday I offered Mass in thanksgiving, and the number of communicants was again large.

And here, before I leave this camp, I may say that, on the whole, the Catholics showed up very well all the time we were P.O.W.'s together. I have heard that chaplains in different circumstances have had differing experiences, but captivity seems to be a fertile ground for the grace of God. Perhaps it is the hardships, perhaps it is the fact that they have time to think, certainly it is partly the effect of the wonderful example of a number of keen Catholics in every camp: but the fact is that the standard of Catholic life steadily improved all the time, and on the great day when we were told the

war was over, the last obstinate backslider I had in that particular camp in Sumatra, capitulated and came to confession !

There was a very evident hunger for religion among many non-Catholics ; apart from a number of converts, there were many men, Dutch and British, who attended public religious instructions that I gave in various camps. The initial move had come from the men, who asked for these talks, and it was a revelation to many to discover for the first time that Christianity was not a sentimental myth, but a very well founded and reasonable Faith, that satisfied man's deepest needs, and had power within it to transform their lives. Conditions at a later date (sickness and exhaustion and long hours of work) prevented—or perhaps only postponed—the coming of many other lads to the Truth.

In the spring of 1943, the Jaarmart camp was broken up. A large draft was taken to the notorious island of Hiroekoe, near Amboina, where there was a very heavy death-roll. The senior C. of E. padre and I tried to go with them, but were not allowed to.

The rest of us went by train to Tjimahi, near Bandoeng, to one of the best camps, probably, in the Far East. Accommodation was good, food was good, there were several canteen-café's, and the Japanese authorities left us in peace. Here, there were three Dutch Carmelites, one Sacred Heart missionary, and myself. We had a large gymnasium for our exclusive use as a church. There was reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, five Masses each day and, when Holy Week came, we carried out the full liturgical office of the Church. We had a monstrance for use at Benediction, made from a Dutch water-bottle, and when I left, the Dutch were busy painting large-size Stations of the Cross. I heard later that when that camp was disbanded, the commandant, Lieut. Yamaguchi promised to have the church sealed up and left undisturbed.

The British party were in that camp only six weeks, and then we were taken to Bandoeng, which many of us thought even better than Tjimahi. It was a spacious camp, with good quarters and gardens where grew egg-fruit and tomatoes in great abundance ; the food was good, there were three shops and four canteens, a good library (the Dutch seem to read more English than Dutch), a good hospital, and a good climate. Two Nips, "Mad Harry" and Sergeant Hoshino, were capable of causing a great deal of serious trouble, but the commandant, Lieut. Takague, was a very reasonable man. Here we stayed until the end of 1943, and the sick grew fit, and the fit, or at least those who had plenty of money, were in danger of getting fat ! Had we stayed there till the end, there would have been very few deaths and little serious sickness !

It was here that I gave most of the religious instructions previously mentioned. And this was the only camp where I managed to acquire a little office all to myself, a place where it was possible to

talk privately and to read and write undisturbed. Many were the discussions, religious and sociological, that took place in that small cubby-hole. We even celebrated a 21st birthday party there once, with a roll—believe it or not!—of roast beef.

In this camp there was a Dutch missionary priest, Fr. Kuypers; he had plenty to do, since there was a very large number of his countrymen there. We had two churches, for greater convenience, a large one for the Dutch and a small room for ourselves, and daily Mass was celebrated. Each evening we British Catholics met there to say the Rosary and night prayers, a custom started in the early days of our captivity and continued in most of the camps as far as circumstances allowed. I will never forget the faithful few who assembled, night after night, sometimes under a tree in the dark, sometimes behind a barrack, or in that room in Bandoeng, or by the wood-pile in Batavia, to recite the Rosary of Our Lady. Some have come home: the most faithful of all has gone to his reward, for "his heart was clean."

Christmas that year was a holiday, and we rejoiced to be allowed to have Midnight Mass. Shortly before, a draft had been sent to Batavia, so that the congregation was small: but the altar was decked with flowers, and the dozen or so who came to my Mass in that little room felt very near their folks at home that night. The Japs sent in plenty of food and everyone had a most enjoyable day.

On the first day of 1944, we followed the main party, and went to the "Cycle Camp" in Batavia. That was the end of the good times! The commandant was a very dangerous man indeed. His name was Lieut. Sonei ("Sonny Boy"), and he was popularly believed to be a drug-addict. He ruled that camp with a rod of iron, and woe betide anyone who fell into his disfavour, whether he be Jap or P.O.W. He beat two of his guards so ferociously that they died in hospital. On arrival there, we had to submit to the usual search. When I returned to collect what was left of my belongings—everyone's possessions were strewn wildly about, in utter confusion—I found that my chalice had been taken, as well as an unopened bottle of altar wine. Luckily there remained a small quantity in a medicine bottle, that Sonei had overlooked. I at once sent in a protest, through the interpreter, explaining clearly the sacred nature of the chalice, and the necessity for the wine. It was in vain. The wine was presumably drunk by Sonei, and later one of the lads saw my chalice among the crockery that was being washed up in the Jap kitchen. We were told that no religious meetings at all were to be tolerated. We were advised that letters of protest would be useless. However, when Easter came near, we decided that, Sonei or no Sonei, we would not be deprived of Holy Communion. The question of defying the orders had not been practical before, for I had so little wine left that it would not be possible, even with rigid



economy, to say many Masses. So it was arranged that twelve lads should gather in one of the more remote cubicles in the barracks, each day, to hear Mass and communicate and another twelve should meet me outside afterwards, when I would give them Communion as they stood, mingled with the crowd. We changed the rendezvous each time, and by the time Easter week had passed, all the English-speaking Catholics except two had made their Easter duties. (I used a small ciborium, that had escaped Sonei's notice, in lieu of a chalice.) I was the only priest in this camp, and so had to care for the Dutch as well, and as far as I could check up, the great majority of them also received Holy Communion. Opposition is good for one's Faith. Providence covered our doings with a veil. The C. of E. padre had a narrow escape, for one of his services had to break up unceremoniously, he and two others making their escape through a window on the ground floor of the room used as a library.

I was again asked to give religious instructions, and we managed it this way: in one of the compounds there were a number of wire clothes-lines, on which P.O.W.'s used to hang their blankets to air. The latter, carefully hung, made a screen, which effectively shrouded our meetings from undesirable eyes. It should be pointed out, lest we be looked on as particularly brave, that although standing orders forbade all such meetings and services, the guards were not employed precisely to catch us at such illegal activities; had they caught us, Sonei would have dealt unkindly with us, to put it mildly, but they had not the zeal of Topcliffe's pursuivants in the time of Elizabeth. Risk there certainly was, but not as great as might be thought.

There was the usual hospital work here, and once more I took on the job of purveying books to the sick.

But this was an unpleasant camp, and when a number of us were picked out to go overseas, in June, 1944, we were not unduly distressed. The future was always ominous, but it would be good to leave Batavia and all its works! There was a new commandant by this time, and when I asked to be allowed to get altar wine from the Cathedral, I was told, "The job of a chaplain is to keep men cheerful and to bury the dead!" Thus Capt. Mariama!

We sailed for Singapore at the end of June, on a small ship so densely crowded that it was difficult to make one's way from one side to the other. The unfortunate lads below deck were half-suffocated in the heat. The journey lasted five days. I felt I had qualified as a P.O.W. on this trip, for I was kicked from behind by a guard for standing in his light, and when I very deliberately glared at him for his insolence, he, with equal deliberation, boxed my ears.

On our arrival in Keppel harbour there was a German U-boat moored there, and the crew, on seeing us, brought up a gramophone and played "Roll out the barrel" for our entertainment. I spoke

to several P.O.W.'s, and we all had the same thought that it was a shame that those young sailors, who looked so homely and European, should be allied to the wretched little yellow men and our enemies : we should have been friends, not foes.

We stayed a very short time in Singapore, at a camp near River Valley Road, and were fed on dried fish and rice. I set out with great energy to bribe a Jap guard to get me some altar supplies from the Cathedral. "Tell him," I said to the lad who was interpreting in Malay, "that I will give him my wrist watch and my fountain pen if he will do this for me." The poor fellow was sorely tempted, but in the end he refused to play : he was afraid, with reason, of what might have happened to him had he been caught by the Guard Commander. Here I might remark that, in my experience, it was exceedingly rare for a guard to take the property of a P.O.W. against his will. The discipline with regard to stealing is very strict in their army. They had no scruple in bringing unpleasant pressure to bear, to oblige a man to *sell* his watch or some other valuables, and they frequently insisted on a very inadequate price : but if one held out, and refused to sell, they did not take the article. Before very long, however, we were only too glad to barter everything we had for food !

PATRICK RORKE.

(*To be continued*)

## *A Leader*

He who has seen  
A grey leaf on the tree, where all was green—  
A green leaf on the bough, when woods were grey—  
Whose ears have heard  
The poignant rapture of a blinded bird  
Hailing the sunrise of an unseen day—

He who has trod  
The crowded marts of men, alone with God,  
And walked with angels in the wilderness—  
Who is not bound  
Save by the chain he forges, and has found  
Thralldom in power, and freedom in duress—

To him is given  
Homage for which his soul has never striven,  
And leadership in which he claimed no part.  
Humbled he stands,  
While the world's trust is laid within his hands,  
And the world's heart is resting on his heart.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

## THE BASIS OF IT ALL

**W**HEN the last century was closing, scientific knowledge of foods might have been summed up in three words, proteins, fats and carbohydrates. Biochemists like Bunge were beginning to publish observations on the importance of mineral constituents, and Lunin had demonstrated that there was a missing factor in dietetics in "small quantities of unknown substances essential to life." In 1906, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins described "accessory food substances" and a little later Funk coined the word *vitamines*, which we now prefer to write *vitamins*. The trail from then onwards is blazed by a succession of glorious names. Emphasis on the important vitamins was kept from hardening into dogma by the constant addition of new items to a list that looks like exhausting its alphabetical nomenclature in the near future. A like service was rendered to the minerals list by the discovery that "trace" substances, perhaps to the limits of the terrestrial spectrum, are needed by the living thing. Witness the gentleman who found that his apple trees did better after he drove a few zinc nails into their trunks to carry a wire. And there is always the question of radio-activity.

These additions to our knowledge of the body and how it is nourished were contributed piecemeal and carried with them the danger, ever-present, of "fragmentation" of that knowledge. In scientific terms only the most tentative syntheses had been attempted prior to the second great war. From the public, however, syntheses were not lacking. When the late and by many lamented Marie Lloyd sang to Londoners that "A little of what you fancy does you good," she was only voicing a cry from the great heart of the people for simplification of dietetic theory. And indeed some evidence for her view was available in the instinctive behaviour of animals towards the right food, and was hidden in the future ingenious nursery-school experiments that have since shown that toddlers, if left to themselves, tend to choose a balanced diet.

A negative criticism of the new discoveries, from the man who cried, "My grandfather never heard of vitamins, and look what a healthy man he was!" prompted the constructive reply, "Eat what your grandfather ate (if you can) and the vitamins will look after themselves." Even the proverb-maker who first asserted that "we must eat a peck of dirt before we die" was making a common-sense contribution to an age that was in danger of "refining" most of the virtue out of its food-stuffs. Irritated by sneering at vitamins on the part of a weekly review that ought to have known better,

the present writer, many years ago, tried a popular slogan, "Eat the whole plant, eat the whole fruit, eat the whole grain, eat the whole animal." He was finally defeated by the Oxford student, *bon-vivant*, who complained that a turkey was a most unsatisfactory bird, too much for one and not enough for two!

There is something in all these gropings. The one undeniable fact in the matter is that the food most of us eat is woefully short of minerals, vitamins and other unspecified substances. Your food nowadays, says many an intelligent observer, does not seem to nourish you. This was realised long ago, and it was really this observation, made in their several ways by doctors, administrators and welfare workers, that stimulated the intense interest in the problem and led to much of the above-mentioned research. It was, or should have been a shock to the civilised world to discover that infant mortality rates in the West of Ireland were about one-fourth of what they were in industrial towns in the Midlands. When, twenty years later, Dr. Marion Richards of the Rowett Institute fed rats on slum diet and found they sickened in the first and second generations and died out in the third, no practical dietitian was really surprised. It was, in the rat world, a replica of our twentieth century megalopolitan unhealth and sterility.

It is not to be wondered at that drug manufacturers hastened to put on the market "protective" preparations guaranteed to contain the daily requirements of the human frame in the matter of the important vitamins and minerals. It was a secondary effect of this activity, not directly intended by themselves, that their wholesale demand for the parts of the wheat-berry, for instance, that contained these riches, should have tempted the flour trade to processes that still further impoverished the bread our people eat. Of the working-man and his wife it might, up to the recent war, be true to say, that they ate bread that had had many essential elements removed, paid for it, paid for the missing substances (now put up under a chemist's label), paid their doctor, and continued to be ill into the bargain. For bread is the staff of our people's life.

So that, to the fragmentation of our knowledge on this important branch of human ecology there was added a high degree of fragmentation of therapeutic method. The latter did however have these advantages over empirical and galenical prescribing, that it rested on a scientific basis and had a strong bias towards preventive medicine and towards what is getting lip-service in the newspapers as "positive health." But the synthesis that common sense craved, and that science was working towards, seemed unduly delayed.

Mr. H. G. Wells has a good phrase somewhere in his voluminous writings about all the factors of a problem going into solution in a man's mind and the answer slowly beginning to crystallise out. This picturesque presentation of what is really Newman's illative



sense may be applied to the process by which our wanted synthesis, in this matter of human nutrition, came into being. Contributions to the solution were world-wide and age-old. They came flowing in, if they were not already lying unappreciated—as so often happens. They came from departments as widely separated as arboriculture, ethnology, vital statistics, public health, general medical practice, plant physiology, mycology, and of course dietetics. Essentially it was to agriculture that the laurels fell, since it is to a practical botanist, Sir Albert Howard, that we owe most of the work of synthesising. I shall try to tell the story from one point of view out of the many that might be adopted and will be developed some day, when this, the greatest discovery in the relationship of man to his environment, comes to be properly written up.

Howard, then directing industrial planting in India, and Sir Robert McCarrison, eminent in nutritional research, had marked down as the healthiest people of the world a tribe in Gilgit in North India called the Hunzas. This tribe, with their hard thrifty living and careful traditional husbandry, presented a concrete example of what we are all striving towards, positive health. The Hunzas are what Almighty God surely intended all his peoples to be. The secret lay with them. What was the secret?

Howard gave the first tentative answer, in his Indore process of incorporating a percentage of animal wastes among vegetable manure (without however ignoring soil chemistry) to produce a natural fertiliser that is now widely known as compost. His researches into the fermentative processes involved, biological as they are rather than chemical, led him to see the significance of the work of Dr. M. C. Rayner on tree-planting. Not neglecting a clue from the botanist Frank, long dead, Dr. Rayner showed that roots gain their proper nourishment from the soil by the aid of fungi of the *mycorrhiza* group previously considered merely parasitic. Briefly, the theory, which is now in the realm of proven hypothesis, is that health-giving substances are elaborated by the fungi and passed on to the plant, whether it be pine-tree, cotton, or waving golden wheat. What is more important, these health-giving and disease-resisting substances, probably in untold number and variety, are, in the case of food-crops like wheat, passed on to the consumer man. And the *mycorrhiza* flourish wherever there is animal manure.

If one turns to the page in Lady Eve Balfour's book *The Living Soil* (Faber and Faber) where a list is compiled—ten years ago, be it noted—of fungi thus indirectly beneficent to man through his food-crops, one name leaps out at the modern reader: *Penicillium*, source of penicillin.

One other pioneer must be mentioned, Dr. Lionel Picton, prime mover of the Cheshire Medical Testament, signed by an array of Panel doctors, that pleaded for a return to whole-meal bread, stone-

milled from compost-grown wheat, as the one single measure likely to check the deterioration in the health and stamina of our people. The good effects of this were clouded by the war, which made a rational flour compulsory from economic motives, so that the real case for it has been obscured and may be allowed by our Parliamentarians to go by default. This will be a tragedy.

For, in spite of a century of public health and its fruits in lowered death-rates, whether of man, mother or child, the incidence of those diseases that spell petty misery—the catarrhal and rheumatic conditions, dental decay, bowel ill-health with their dreaded outcome in alimentary cancer, and that vague dysphoria and apathy that often lead to frank mental breakdown—all are on the increase. We are an unhappy people, ridden by minor maladies. Also, we are tending to sterility.

The case for the remedy, outlined here in theory, is already proven as far as experiment on humans can be proven in a short space of time. I give three examples :

In twenty years in Papworth, a village colony for consumptives, where the housing is good and the diet adequate and on natural lines, not one of the children born of parents within the Settlement has developed tuberculosis (c.f. Wrench, *The Wheel of Health*, Daniel, 1940).

Before the Japs overran Malaya, Dr. Scharff, now Chief Medical Officer there, met war conditions by giving vegetable allotments to his 500 Health Department coolies and their families. Compost was used throughout. After two years, in the words of this careful and experienced observer, "debility and sickness had been swept away and my men were capable of, and gladly responded to, the heavier work demanded." Their dependants shared in this "remarkable improvement." (c.f. *Compost News Letter*, No. 4.)

Miss Mabel Couchman writes of the Brockham Home, where two-score children are domiciled : "I have found that whole-wheat flour (stone-ground) has made a very marked difference to the health of the children. They very rarely seem to be affected with the minor skin troubles. . . . They pay periodic visits to the dentist and he has always reported most favourably on the high standard of their teeth." (*Medical Press and Circular*, quoted in *Soil and Health*.)

The synthesis then is this : put back into the land the animal wastes that have ultimately been derived from it ; let these naturally raised food-stuffs be marketed as quickly and as naturally as possible, with the minimum of intervention by the manufacturer, be he miller, canner, cheese-factor, dried-egg packeteer, or what you will. Where conditions permit, grow your own food with natural manures, and, as far as possible, prepare it yourself, even to the grinding of flour and the baking of bread.

This is the ideal to be aimed at, and unless our civilisation is going to perish by its own hand (or lack of hands), such must be the long-term policy of our national planning.

I cannot close such an article that has contained some famous names, without adding one other, that of Father Vincent McNabb of the Order of Preachers. Technically unskilled in much of the lore that I have tried to explain, he was in a real sense a prophet, the prophet of return to the land and the use, by dint of hard work and God-given common sense, of the health-giving riches of the manure heap.

A. G. BADENOCH.

---

---

SHORT NOTICE

BIOGRAPHICAL

It is a long time since we have had the opportunity of bidding welcome to any book by Father Martindale. At last, we have it, and therefore welcome his *Life of St. Camillus* (Sheed & Ward : 8s. 6d. n.). It was composed in Denmark after close study of all available sources. Father Martindale has carefully collated existing biographies and every now and then the reader lights upon a neat point of discussion or even controversy. Camillus, of course, is a sturdy subject of biography, with his six and a half feet of height, that stormy youth of his as soldier, gambler and vagrant, and the years of hospital work and organization of his religious society—years of unrelenting activity and enterprise, that were yet coupled with a deep interior peace and union with God. The story of his life is told clearly, deftly and with sympathetic insight. Here is a saint to understand, who seems to grow rapidly in spiritual stature as you follow his career. Nor was his the case of sudden conversion, followed by clean, straightforward progress in God's ways. His conversion was, it is true, sudden rather than gradual ; but, subsequently, there were hesitations and false starts. Twice he was admitted to the Franciscan Order, to be twice dismissed because of an incurable wound. Twice he set about the formation of a small group of men devoting themselves to the sick, and twice he found the authorities opposed to him, even, on the second occasion, his own confessor and friend, Philip Neri. There were moments when he seemed timid, faint-hearted, ready to bow his head to circumstances instead, saintlike, of bending those circumstances to his own and God's purposes. However, these morning mists of incertitude vanished before the growing daylight of charity and conviction. The charity of Christ drove him on—to serve Christ in the sick with an energy that attracted many others to follow his example and a shrewdness and sense of order which produced noteworthy hospital reforms. In 1584 Camillus established the first religious order dedicated exclusively to the service of the sick. Father Martindale's biography gains from the rich background against which it is set—late sixteenth century Rome. We meet characters like Philip Neri and the early Jesuits and Oratorians and are plunged into stories, full of horror and heroism, as that of the Roman plague, because of which died St. Aloysius Gonzaga. It is a story well told and very well worth the telling.

## SOCIAL CHANGES IN BELGIUM:

1940—1946

**B**ELGIUM had to endure a German occupation during two successive world wars.

In both instances the German invaders strove to divide the population without, however, any real measure of success. From 1914-18 they exploited for this purpose the language claims of the Flemings. In 1940-44 their principal effort was directed towards the introduction of a "New Order" of a Nazi type, which was opposed to political democracy. In this way they flattered certain political tendencies which had shown themselves among a minority of the population in the years immediately preceding the war.

This "New Order" required a new social and economic organization. In the social realm it called for a single state-controlled workers' organization. It is in no way surprising then that the existing trade unions, Socialist and Christian, were roughly handled. For about a year they were able to exist in a new grouping under German control, not however, without accepting humiliating restrictions. Certain trade union organizations refused their adhesion from the beginning; others which had resigned themselves to the situation were, after some time, morally forced to abandon this arrangement in order not to compromise themselves with the enemy. Thereupon they were suppressed and their permanent officials had to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

In 1914-18, as in 1940-44, the Germans recruited numerous workers in Belgium. First of all by persuasion, which was soon accompanied by an intolerable pressure on those who did not enrol; next by the method of deportation: mass deportations during the first war, starting in October, 1916; more methodical deportations during the second war, from the end of 1942. This time workers who were unemployed were taken away to Germany, as were others too, in so far as they were not considered by the Germans to be indispensable in Belgium. Consequently it was an obvious thing to secure occupation in Belgium for the largest possible number of workers and to give the impression that they could not be freed from their actual jobs.

The two occupations were alike from many points of view, especially on the social plane. But they did not produce the same social reactions. In 1914-18 there was, as in 1940-44, a very widespread charitable activity to help those in need. Doubtless during the two wars the citizens who did not collaborate with the enemy—and they were the large majority—grew in mutual friendliness, and closed their ranks. But during the 1914-18 war there was not noticeable any special rapprochement between the various social classes.



In 1940-44, on the contrary, a valuable social rapprochement came into being, and it has continued after the war. How is this to be explained?

Before 1914 Belgian employers were very loosely organized. The main organization of a general type was the C.C.I. (*Comité Central Industriel*), deeply impregnated with liberal theories and in fact hostile to trade union organizations among the workers. This was the mentality of the vast majority of Belgian employers. Of course there were 'good' employers, but with very rare exceptions this goodness showed itself almost exclusively in charitable assistance to the needy.

Trade unions were in a very rudimentary state of development and had acquired importance only a few years previously. On the eve of the war of 1914 there were 134,000 Socialist trade unionists and 102,000 Christian trade unionists.<sup>1</sup>

Immediately after the 1914-18 war the Socialist trade unions became very active and secured very many recruits. Alongside this development the Socialist Party won over a large number of electors. Both the party and the unions started strong propaganda for the realization of their claims—an eight hour day, an increase of wages to be governed by the "index number," collective bargaining, the organization of unemployment benefit through the unions. At the same time, they spread their doctrine of the class war, and called for the socialisation of the means of production. This campaign came into direct conflict with the views of the employers.

The Christian trade union organizations—and in fact all Christian working class organizations—had been very much shaken by the war and had some difficulty in re-establishing themselves. Employers tended either to consider them a negligible quantity, or else to treat them as being much the same as the Socialist unions, the more so as the immediate claims of the two were frequently the same, and officials of the Christian trade unions as well as those of the Socialists still lacked the requisite education in economics. As a consequence, their claims, and especially their ways of presenting them seemed exaggerated, as they were badly expressed. From all this, during the first years after the 1914-18 war, there arose considerable social conflict.

After some years the reconstituted Christian trade unions increased their membership considerably while the Socialists barely maintained their previous positions. Socialist as well as Christian Unions developed in depth after the war. They paid particular attention to

<sup>1</sup> On the continent of Europe, and especially in Belgium, the position and the attitude of trade unions has been quite other than it is in Great Britain, which explains the creation of specifically Christian trade unions alongside their Socialist counterpart. Towards 1860 some neutral unions, of Christian inspiration, were founded; but about 1880, Marxist Socialists secured control of them and spread their teachings in them to such an extent that for Christians the situation became impossible. Then it was that in 1886 some courageous working men left these unions to found others which were formally Christian. The Socialist unions have not subsequently changed their attitude and they remain in Belgium closely linked to the Socialist Party, which explains why the Christian trade unions have always refused to join them. Again quite recently in the March number of their review "C.S.C." they have clearly stated their position in this matter.

the training of their permanent officials in their respective "Labour Schools," which are subsidised by the state; the syllabus covered two years of study; classes were given during the day time, and there was normally a boarding college régime.<sup>1</sup>

When the employers found themselves dealing with more educated leaders who were quite capable of understanding the economic situation, they recognized that it might be useful to hold discussions with them, especially in the joint committees of an industry—official bodies created immediately after the war, but which at first aroused the deep suspicion of the employers. It must be added that the strength of the trade unions made it advisable for them to take part in such discussions even if there were no actual compulsion. Little by little there was an evolution in the outlook of the owners.

This change was due also in great part to the organization of Christian employers, the "National Federation of Catholic Employers," founded in Belgium after the war of 1914-18.

The situation as it was made the Federation judge it inopportune, as well as impracticable, to dissuade Christian employers from joining neutral economic groups and especially the *Comité Central Industriel*. The Federation had and has its activity almost exclusively in the realm of doctrine striving to instil Christian social teaching into its members. However, this did not prevent it, when occasion arose, from bringing pressure to bear on public authority, though this was not done without difficulty. Its action has exercised a happy influence on the social outlook of its members and through them on that of the whole employer class, in Belgium.

Then came the second world war. As we have already said, trade union action was soon made impossible. The Christian Employers' organization, which was able to present itself as a cultural association, succeeded in holding its own though with a considerable diminution of its more obvious activity. It is easy to realize that this state of affairs allowed the leaders of the employers and the permanent officials of the unions to carry on a camouflaged activity and especially to prepare themselves for action, as soon as the country was liberated.

The employers most certainly did not abuse the weakness of the trade unions to put pressure on the workers. The contrary was the case. The German occupying forces opposed an increase of wages that would have been natural, in view of the rising cost of living. The great majority of employers surmounted the difficulty by giving their employees various benefits in kind, the banks helped by granting their personnel advances whose repayment they would not exact, and so on. The Germans insisted on a minimum of eight working hours a day; otherwise workers would be dismissed and sent to Germany for compulsory labour. Now there was very little work available. Employers

<sup>1</sup> Here are some figures:

In 1920 :	706,000	Socialist	and	200,000	Christian trade unionists.
In 1924 :	619,000	"	"	187,000	" " "
In 1937 :	572,000	"	"	319,000	" " "

"insisted upon" eight hours' presence at the works, and discharged no one. On the contrary, they took on extra personnel, as far as German supervision permitted. In this way several permanent officials of trade unions found a livelihood. People worked at a slower rate; they played cards and read novels. It is obvious that this *farniente* policy increased overhead expenses. But this did not prevent employers helping those of their staff who, even in spite of these subterfuges, were deported to Germany. And more, the Christian groups of employers and workmen made contacts. In a series of meetings, evidently clandestine, they talked things over in an atmosphere of friendly understanding and came to an agreement on a series of propositions. This had in view, as was declared by M. Pauwels, the President of the Confederation of Christian trade unions, "the laying down of what might be—when the country was liberated—political-social relations, and relations between employers and employed." These propositions underlined the necessity of organized understanding and collaboration as opposed to violence and class war, and they referred to the teaching of the encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*. They declared, for example, that "within the professional body which should constitute the framework of economic life, all problems, professional, social and economic, should be settled in a new spirit of mutual confidence."

"These discussions resulted on the other hand,"—Mr. Pauwels is still speaking—"in the elaboration of a project of agreement on social solidarity." This agreement was drawn up by representatives of the employers' and of workers' organizations of varying outlook; these latter had also held clandestine meetings during the period of occupation. The agreement forms the basis of the social legislation which was adopted shortly after the liberation and which has introduced a full and generous system of social insurance. The contributions represent nearly a quarter of the wages and they are paid in large measure by the employers.

What were the benefits from this rapprochement between these different social classes?

Class antagonism has not disappeared and the Marxist parties have not lost their influence, to judge at least by the results of the elections of last February. These parties won 44 per cent. of the votes, the Communists alone securing 13 per cent. (in 1939 these figures were respectively 35 and 5). Let us not, however, exaggerate the significance of these results; some of the election methods were quite unfair. It is also remarkable how moderate the Socialists and even the Communists were in their election manifestos. The former declared that "the magnates of high finance, of electricity . . ., of all the branches of big-scale capitalism are the worst enemies of the people," are using their influence to support fascism, and to exploit the people. This grandiloquent declaration was followed by claims which were far from being revolutionary: they want to introduce, "a planned economy

for the benefit of the community ; the socialisation of the great private monopolies," of which they give a fairly long list. To balance this, they proclaim a " respect for private enterprise everywhere where it continues to produce fruits." They also called for a " participation by the workers in the planning of industry," but without stating clearly what they meant by this. The Communists also called for the nationalization of the banks and of some of the larger branches of production, allowing compensation to the shareholders. Finally, they demanded "an effective check on wholesale and retail prices in order to prevent excessive profits." These programmes are adapted—as are also their other proposals—to a populace whose outlook is very far from Communist ! Of their materialist doctrine they say not a word.

Within their official bodies representatives of employers and workers have developed a fruitful collaboration in the joint industrial committees for settling conditions of work and making agreements for collective bargaining, as in the *National Conference of Labour*, called together to decide on economic and social measures of a general order, with particular reference to the prevention of a rise in the cost of living, and a disastrous inflation. No doubt, relations were more than once strained but at least these discussions did take place and we have had no lock-out or strike on a big scale provoked by the great bodies of employers or workers.

The organizations of employers and employed resumed their activities immediately the country was freed. The *Confederation of Christian Trade Unions* soon saw its membership considerably increased and rising above that of pre-war days. At the end of 1945, it counted 360,000 members. The Communists who immediately after the liberation were especially active, at once founded those "single" unions, indicating by this word that they desired to suppress the plurality of working class trade unions—they had no unions of their own before the war. The Socialists on their side resumed their pre-war trade union activity. Shortly afterwards, in April, 1945, an agreement was reached which led to the creation of the *General Federation of Belgian Labour*, formed by the Socialist *General Confederation of Labour* and the Communist *Mouvement Syndical Unifié*. The various unions which belonged to these two bodies were to bring about the same fusion on their own initiative. The *General Federation* at that date had 453,000 members ; 8 union headquarters out of 17 had not taken part in this movement of fusion. The Christian Unions who were also approached bluntly declined to join in this amalgamation.

The Christian employers, at their congress on December 8th and 9th, 1945, adopted a social programme which makes a clear break with economic liberalism and aims at realizing for Belgium the social teachings of recent Popes. Here are some of their interesting conclusions : The Federation " notes that our social and economic régime has not yet succeeded, despite new technical progress, in giving to the masses



material conditions necessary for the full development of the human person."

"This failure is to be attributed to an insufficient use of the means of production, to certain injustices in distribution, to the rigidity introduced into economic life by haphazard state intervention and by unnecessary financial concentrations." The official delegate was severe on holding companies which, as is well known, are widespread and exercise considerable power in Belgium. Certain members of the congress, however, drew his attention to the fact that holding companies had frequently exercised a wholesome influence on production.

The Federation "is glad to see the professional organization, in favour of which it has fought for more than twenty years, boldly entering into the phase of practical achievement . . . it affirms its intention of contributing to the smooth working of professional organizations, notably by spreading among employers the doctrine of professional organization, and by preparing its members to take up competently and devotedly the tasks which the members of each profession will in future be called upon to discharge, confiding them to their most capable and most disinterested members . . . it considers that the organizing of the professions presupposes the existence of federations of business men, and of workers' unions, which shall be fully representative of the various interests at stake, and that these organizations shall be given a legal status which will guarantee them a real autonomy as well as the necessary means of action. . . . It considers that the obligatory affiliation of employers to their federation is justified only in so far as it might be necessary to bring about these objectives. . . . It urges that professional councils should be brought into existence as soon as possible. . . . And it proposes to establish between professional councils and federations of employers a delimitation of authority, giving to the former the right to take cognizance of problems of a general order concerning the profession, reserving to the latter certain matters of a technical nature which they alone are competent to deal with."

These resolutions relate to the organization of the several branches of industry. For what concerns the relations between workers and employers in each industry the conclusions are more delicate. The Federation desires "to meet the legitimate wish of the workers to be more closely associated with the life of the industry, with its organizations and its profits, without prejudice to unity of direction and to the authority of the director of the industrial concern." To this end the Federation suggests the creation of "a production committee of a constructive character to examine fairly and progressively, everything which contributes to produce a favourable atmosphere in industry, notably questions of hygiene, safety, and morality and whatever would tend to the improvement of conditions of work and production." It declares itself "opposed to legislation which would make factory committees obligatory, but it desires that the study of collaboration on an equal footing should be pressed as far as possible, that the initiatives should be taken and experiments loyally made; and that the

law should eventually detail what conditions had to be fulfilled by various bodies in order to secure legal recognition ; and finally that at the request of a mixed professional council or of a commission of masters and men on equal terms, the King (the executive power) may make obligatory for all businesses related to this commission, the initiatives taken by a reasonable number among them."

Do Belgian employers as a whole accept this generous programme ? We should hardly venture to assert this. However, we have come a long way from the outlook which employers had before 1914 and even from that of the years before 1940. The C.C.I. itself has clearly developed, at least since 1940. Employers have made no objection in principle to the generalization of social insurance which has come about since the liberation of the country. And yet, as has been remarked, this measure imposes on them very heavy financial burdens.

In general, the employers accept collaboration with representatives of the workers, in effect with the trade unions, on both a national and a professional scale (general economic and social measures, agreements reached by collective bargaining, etc.). They are more cautious where there is a question of setting up a council on an equal footing within the business itself, fearing that the authority of the management may be shaken by the action of this council, and that extremist elements may frequently exercise a pernicious influence in it ; and that even far from favouring an understanding based on mutual confidence, this council may only increase the suspicion of the wage earner. They are afraid also that people may see in the founding of such a council inside the business a first step towards the destruction of the power of the private employer, in other words, towards socialisation ; and certain declarations by the Socialists prove that this fear is not entirely fanciful ! Their conclusion is not that nothing can be done in this direction but that here prudence is essential. Action, they are convinced, must be gradual. A nation-wide establishment of works' councils, imposed by legislation, would be disastrous.

Let us not cast the proverbial stone at employers, and especially not at them alone ! Trade-union officials are doubtless in general capable men. But would it be the same with all members of works councils ? And then there are always the Communists and the Socialists who are opposed in principle to private enterprise, or at least to private enterprise on a large scale. And they remain active. This situation forces employers to be on their guard and to be vigilant lest these generous initiatives be diverted from their real aim and be utilised against the employers. We have attempted in this brief outline to indicate how the stress and strain of war in Belgium has itself brought about a rapprochement of the classes. May it remain fruitful ! And, through its generous development, may it defeat those agents of class struggle and social strife, who also are active in our midst !

CHARLES DU BOIS DE VROYLANDE.

## THE "PROBLEM" OF FRANCO'S SPAIN

**T**HE time has come when few people, other than the willing or unwilling dupes of Soviet propaganda, fail to realize that the outstanding problem in the world to-day is provided by the intransigence of the Kremlin. Whatever be the motive behind that attitude—whether sheer Imperialism, suspicion based on a sense of inferiority or a perverted idealism, which still sees some validity in the doctrines of Marx and Lenin—the facts are too obvious to be gainsaid. The "problem" of Trieste, the "problem" of Greece, the "problem" of the administration of Germany, the "problem" of the Dardanelles—these are all variants of one and the same problem. But, perhaps because of Spain's position at the other extremity of Europe from Moscow, there are still not a few who with some honesty feel that the Franco regime presents a problem which needs to be faced and solved before Europe can "settle down."

Even if that were true, it would not alter the fact that, at the worst, it is a very secondary problem; its chief significance, of course, is that it is employed, by those interested, to divert the attention of well-meaning but short-sighted enthusiasts from the excesses of Russian Fascism, by raising before their eyes pictures of a "Fascist" bogey nearer home. It may serve to restore some sense of perspective if we put a simple question to those who sincerely "detest" the Franco regime. Would they prefer to live in Franco's Spain or in Stalin's Russia?

It was with some anticipation of an objective presentation of the Spanish case that many of us turned to Lord Templewood's account of his years as Ambassador in Madrid.<sup>1</sup> In many of his pronouncements and writings he had shown no little sense of Europe and of Christian values. He was known to be sympathetic to the Church and at the time of the Hoare-Laval "terms" he had manifested a genuine appreciation of Italy's legitimate interests. Here surely was a man who, whilst he would paint an honest picture of whatever shortcomings he might have discovered in the regime of Franco, would see those defects against a larger background and, without extenuating anything, would help right-thinking men to appraise the situation more accurately than the fashionable propaganda permitted. Such anticipations have been disappointed.

Of course, Sir Samuel Hoare went to Spain in 1940 with a clear-cut purpose—"to keep Spain neutral." He can be pardoned for claiming success in the achievement of that purpose. Yet we cannot but feel that his own book provides evidence in considerable quantities to sug-

<sup>1</sup> *Ambassador on Special Mission*. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, now Lord Templewood. London: Collins. Pp. 320. Price, 15s. n. 1946.

gest that his mission was not so difficult as he would have us believe. Franco himself and even Serrano Suñer—whom Lord Templewood paints as the real villain—clearly had no intention of going to war. Consider the situation in July, 1940. A triumphant Hitler, swollen with the conquest of a dozen European countries at the very gates of the Pyrenees. Great Britain, to all appearance, threatened with immediate invasion, needing all her resources for the defence of the homeland. (In August, we are told, Suñer was convinced that the German plan against England "would succeed in three days.") Hitler, we are assured, was bringing pressure to bear on Franco, who had made a "promise" in June (p. 308) presumably to enter the war by the side of Germany. In Appendix B, Lord Templewood quotes from documents alleged to have passed between the three dictators—in an entirely gratuitous insult he says: "In this case at least there was to be no honour among thieves." What had Franco stolen?—in which Franco is revealed as flattering Hitler and Mussolini and promising his support. If Franco had been of the quality of his supposed allies, the temptation must have proved irresistible. The plain fact is that Franco did hold his hand. Brilliant diplomacy on the part of Sir Samuel Hoare or a sense of honour and decency on Franco's part, coupled with the recognition that a German-Italian victory would *not* benefit Spain? At any rate the Spanish people would not have thanked the Caudillo for plunging them into unnecessary military adventures.

On June 26th, 1940, Sir Samuel Hoare wrote to Lord Halifax: "It is clear to me that he (Beigbeder) and Franco are genuinely nervous of Italy in Morocco" (p. 37). Even earlier (June 11th), he had said: "There has been a tremendous battle going on over Franco's body. The Italians were determined to get him into the war. Franco and his advisers know that the country is not in a position to go to war. At the same time they are afraid of Germany and very friendly with Italy" (p. 34). And again: "If the army and the air force are in no position to go to war they are equally in no position to resist any really serious German push" (July 1st: p. 39). Is it surprising that Franco had to employ every sort of diplomatic artifice in such a desperate situation? Yet there is not a single gracious word in the pages of the book, no suggestion that, if Sir Samuel Hoare had his difficulties and was often at his wits' end to know what to do next, Franco was not in a less embarrassing plight, and was to be congratulated on the skill with which he negotiated his perilous passage.

The passages quoted strongly suggest that the British Ambassador and Generalissimo Franco had similar objectives—to keep Spain out of the war. Each succeeded. It seems a pity that the due recognition by this country of a certain debt to Spain was not to be built up into a closer rapprochement, which would have been for the lasting benefit of both countries. The truth seems to be that the failure to build on



this common interest is due partly to a personal antipathy between the two men—Franco is rarely mentioned without the epithet "complacent" attached to him—and it seems clear that, from the first, the attitude of the Generalissimo nettled the Ambassador. Is a clue to this reaction to be found on p. 249: "When the Caudillo spoke, it was once again in the still small voice of a family doctor who wished to reassure an excited patient"? Can it be that what struck Sir Samuel as "complacency" was a studied calm in the face of over-excitement?

But that is not the whole cause of the failure of Lord Templewood's mission at its deepest level. Naturally, during the war, it was necessary for the British Ambassador to keep his eye on the ball—the objective of defeating Germany—but did this involve of necessity blinding himself to the grave dangers inherent in our alliance with Russia? It is here that the widest divergence appears between the Spanish outlook and the official position represented, and apparently accepted with conviction, by the British Ambassador. It may have been that Sir Samuel did not believe his own case; that he was just putting it forward as the view of His Majesty's Government. It may be that he was genuinely convinced of what he urged. But it would be strange if, in the light of the most recent events on the Continent, Lord Templewood had not already begun to repent of publishing certain passages in his book.

Take for example the exchanges between Jordana and himself in February, 1943. The British Ambassador had presented to the Spanish Foreign Minister a personal memorandum on the prospects of allied success in the War. Count Jordana replied by stating the Spanish view of the general European situation. In the course of it, he said:

Communism is the great danger threatening the world and if, in addition, it appears supported by the formidable force of a Great Power, it is natural that all those who are not blinded by their actual situation should feel alarm. . . . We, who are not and have no wish to be in the war, view events with great impartiality. We are certain that there exists a real European interest which at once encourages us and causes us concern. But England, as a result of the passions which war necessarily carries with it, is, in our opinion, at the present moment set on a course which is contrary to her own interest. . . . If events develop in the future as they have done up to now, it would be Russia which will penetrate deeply into German territory. . . . Is there anybody in the centre of Europe, in that mosaic of countries without consistency or unity, bled moreover by war and foreign domination, who could contain the ambitions of Stalin? . . . If Germany did not exist Europeans would have to invent her, and it would be ridiculous to think that her place could be taken by a confederation of Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs and Roumanians, which would rapidly be converted into so many more States of the Soviet confederation.

Admittedly, whilst England was fighting for her existence against Nazi Germany, her Ambassador could hardly agree that "Communism

is the great danger." But that does not alter the truth that Jordana's utterance was far-seeing and statesmanlike. We cannot feel that the British case, as stated in reply to the memorandum quoted from, is anything but superficial by contrast. But was it necessary to descend to such depths of naiveté as are revealed in this argument: "Let me proceed to the main argument of the Minister that a Russian victory will plunge Europe into Communism. If this assertion is true, why did Hitler make an alliance with Russia in 1939 and boast of his 'eternal friendship with the Soviet Union'? Why did Hitler destroy Poland, one of the former bulwarks against a possible Russian aggression?" We cannot feel that Count Jordana can have admired the sagacity of a man who could advance such a feeble defence. Nor does the general reader in 1946 feel any great admiration for the mind that could produce it.

He then embarks on prophecy. At the end of the war, "British influence, it seems to me, will be stronger in Europe than at any time since the fall of Napoleon. . . . There is no reason to think that the (Anglo-Russian) alliance formed under the stress of war will not continue in the peace and provide a peaceful and stabilising force in European politics." It is perhaps hardly surprising that Lord Templewood is forced to confess: "I cannot claim that my memorandum achieved the purpose that I intended." He would have been wiser to allow it to remain in the discreet obscurity of the files of London and Madrid.

But what of the regime? What of Franco's position not, now, on the larger arena of European politics, but simply as a domestic statesman? Well, quite early we are given the answer. "If Franco's government fell to-morrow, there is not the least chance of a stable government of the Left. The inevitable result would be confusion, civil war and every kind of opportunity for the Germans and Italians to exploit the situation" (p. 38). That was in 1940. The same is true to-day—only, for "German and Italian" read "French and Russian Communists." The same might apply to this passage: "To treat Spain as an enemy is playing into the hands of the Germans" (p. 41).

There is something very refreshing, in contrast to the complacent ineptitude of *Ambassador on Special Mission*, about the corresponding production of the American Ambassador to Spain. Faced with the same problems—though admittedly he did not have to spend the anxious period from July, 1940, until the end of 1941 in Madrid—he gives a sense of forthrightness and openmindedness which may be incompatible with the traditions of British diplomacy. Thus, on this very question of the Franco regime: "Of course, I don't like the existing political regime in Spain. But, on the other hand, I have never liked and still don't like the existing political regime in Russia. . . . I am quite convinced that the Spaniards can be relied upon to take

care of Spain" (p. 139). On Franco himself he gives the impression of great understanding as he is certainly far more generous in his estimate. The whole passage describing his first meeting (p. 30) is a useful offset to the tiresome denigration of Franco in the former book, whilst, for the honour of diplomacy, it is pleasant to be able to record that, where Sir Samuel Hoare sneers at the lack of "honour among thieves," Mr. Hayes recalls a conversation with Franco on the subject of Mussolini's famous "stab in the back." "No Spanish hidalgo would have done that," the Caudillo said to the American Ambassador (p. 65).

Unfortunately there is little space to appraise his book as we should like to. If we have given a disproportionate amount of attention to the British book, that is because it has received such a grossly exaggerated reception in this country. There can be little doubt that the British Ambassador showed immense courage and patriotism in the performance of his duties at Madrid. That he should have been irritated, perplexed, anxious, suspicious and resentful of German propaganda in Spain is inevitable. That he committed errors of judgment is to say no more than that he was and is human. What we cannot understand is why, now that the tensions of those difficult years are at an end, he should allow personal considerations to influence his appreciation of the vital importance—to this country no less than to Spain—of good relations between us. There are, of course, passages in which he shows some real appreciation of Spain's cultural and religious contribution to European civilization. But these are inadequate to counteract the prevailing atmosphere of dislike amounting to hostility, which can only help to perpetuate the legend of a Spain similar in all essentials to Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. It is unfair to Spain, unfair to this country and unfair, we believe, to Lord Templewood himself. Meanwhile, those who have read his book should certainly try to complete and correct his picture by reading *Wartime Mission in Spain*.<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS CORBISHLEY.

<sup>1</sup> *Wartime Mission in Spain*. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: Macmillan. Pp. ix, 313. Price, 15s. n. 1945.

---

#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,000 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted.

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 114 Mount Street, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15.

## THE PAINLESS BIRTH OF CHRIST

**I**T is a well-known failing of the human intellect that it can sometimes hold two propositions separately which, when taken together, would produce, inevitably a novel and surprising conclusion ; this conclusion is not drawn because the mind does not advert to the mutual relevance of the two propositions. This situation occurs in many detective stories, where the author shyly acquaints the reader with the vital clue to the murder, such as that the murder was done by a man wearing size 9 boots with one defective rubber-heel, and then, when the reader's attention has been distracted with a number of false clues, it is quite safe to tell him that Dr. Moriarty had indeed such a pair of boots ; he will never put the two things together. When the two propositions are held in different minds, it is obvious that the delay in putting them together will be much longer. Thus, it is quite understandable that one man should be aware that in certain Christian writings ascribed to Denis the Areopagite there are long extracts drawn from the writings of Plotinus and the neo-Platonist Proclus, while another man, whose work lies in history rather than philosophy, could be quite clear that Denis belonged to the first century and Plotinus to the third, and yet the world might go on using the works of Denis as genuine for long years before the conclusion from these two facts was drawn. Something very similar seems to have happened in theology concerning the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which may here be briefly recounted.

In the book of Genesis (iii, 16), the words of God to the woman ; "I will multiply thy sorrows and thy conceptions. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," are pronounced as a penalty for original sin imposed on Eve for her share in it, and parallel to the penalty upon Adam (that of earning his bread in the sweat of his brow). A belief existing in Christian tradition that there was one woman who brought forth her child without suffering should naturally have led to the conclusion that this woman was without the effects of original sin ; but the work of putting together this particular text of Scripture with that particular tradition might very well be delayed, given what we know of the nature of the human mind as instanced above. The putting together of these two ideas, that of the penalty settled upon womankind and the tradition of the painless birth of Christ, does not seem to have come about very early in the history of the development of this doctrine. Indeed, one has to turn to Passaglia's great work on the Immaculate Conception, which appeared just after the definition of the doctrine in 1854, to find it fully set down. "No sharing in original sin," he writes, "can be proved



in a case where effects are denied to exist which are by a fixed law bound up with that sin. But in the case of the Blessed Virgin conceiving and giving birth to her child, effects are denied which by fixed and universal law flow from a sharing in original sin."<sup>1</sup> It might even be doubted whether, apart from the definition of 1854, which supplied him with the conclusion, Passaglia would have associated the two propositions together: none the less, he did so, though with rather poor backing from the tradition, and it may be worth while to see what can be said for the argument in the light of knowledge that has piled up since 1854.

There is no great difficulty about the penalty imposed in Genesis upon all daughters of Eve. St. Augustine can speak for the generality of interpreters of the text when he says, "The words are more *conveniently* understood in a figurative and prophetic sense; but at the same time, since the woman had not yet given birth to a child and since the pains and anguish of childbirth come only from 'the body of this death' which she had acquired by breaking the commandment (her body before that having been a physical organism indeed, destined to live in some more blessed state and not doomed to death, had there been no sin, but to change after a life well spent into a state of yet further happiness), this punishment is also taken in the strict literal sense."<sup>2</sup> When Augustine goes on to discuss the penalty fixed for Adam, in the form of his burden of work, he says, "Let us not be ashamed to take it straightaway in the literal sense," as if he had to meet criticism from the work-shy, or at least from the philosophers of the work-shy, who allegorized away the fact known to every Catholic schoolboy that work is a curse. The Jewish rabbinical interpretation was equally literal, and in the Mishna the Rabbis are concerned to point out that the pain involved in conception is distinct from the labour of childbirth, but that both are referred to in the text. It would seem then that, when confronted with this text, the interpreter saw its literal meaning and passed on, without considering whether there was an exception to its provisions or not.

The evidence from tradition that Passaglia was able to collect in order to establish the belief of the Church in the painless birth of Christ was not very abundant nor very early, and, in the ninety

<sup>1</sup> Passaglia, *de Immaculata Conceptione*, III, p. 1608. "Nullum ibi probari potest originalis praevaricationis consortium ubi effectus negantur qui cum illo stata lege cohaerent. Sed de Virgine concipiente ac pariente ii negantur effectus qui ex consortio originalis transgressionis stata universalique lege dimanant. Opus est igitur ut Virgo a consortio originalis transgressionis soluta existimetur."

<sup>2</sup> *de Genesi ad litteram*, XI, 37; C.S.E.L. 28, p. 372. "Figurate et prophetice multo commodius intelliguntur; verumtamen quia nondum pepererat femina nec dolor et gemitus parentis nisi ex corpore mortis est, quae illa praecepti transgressionem concepta est, animalibus quidem etiam tunc membris, sed si homo non peccasset non utique moriturus, et alio quodam statu feliciore victurus, donec post vitam bene gestam in melius mutari mererentur, refertur haec poena et ad proprietatem litterae."

years since he wrote, more and earlier evidence has accumulated. Passaglia, or perhaps one should say Schrader, who did much of the searching in Greek and Oriental works for him, produced a string of passages which can be dated between the years 600 and 1200. A prayer from the Gothic Missal (c. 650), an exclamation of St. Sophronius of Jerusalem (who died in 638), a phrase in a sermon by Ildephonsus of Seville, a line from that pseudo-classical tragedy *Christus patiens*, a few words from a Byzantine *menaion*, these are his evidences, sound as far as they go and good witnesses to the continuance of the tradition, but throwing no light at all on the origin of it, nor on its progress through those first five centuries. This is precisely where much can be supplied from the discoveries of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and the evidence that is produced from these goes to show that one of the most primitive beliefs held by Christians about the Blessed Virgin was that she brought forth her Son without undergoing the pains of childbirth.

Among the *Odes of Solomon*, which are the expression of a popular and not-too-erudite Christian piety of the early second century, the nineteenth declares: "The Virgin became a mother with many mercies; and she travailed and brought forth a Son, without incurring pain. Because it happened not emptily, and she had not sought a midwife." The first part of this verse was quoted by Lactantius (A.D. 304 or later), in Latin, as a prophecy of King Solomon, and the statement about the midwife connects it with the other early testimonies. The emphasis that the birth, though painless, was not "empty" seems to be asserted against any suggestion that Christ's body was not real, as the Docetic heretics of this very time were fond of saying, and as might be argued with some slight plausibility from the absence of pain. It seems to have been in answer to such Docetic critics that the later Christian legends invented two midwives, Zelomi and Salome, of whom one would be incredulous and the other believing, when they visited the cave where Christ was born. The next early evidence is from the *Ascension of Isaiah*,<sup>1</sup> of which the first part is a first-century account of his martyrdom and of his being sawn in two, while the second part is a Christian addition of the next century, in the form of a vision granted to Isaiah, which he recounts in the first person. In the course of this vision he is shown, by an angel, a woman of the house of David named Mary, a Virgin, espoused to a man named Joseph. "And it came to pass that, when they were alone, Mary looked with her eyes straight before her, and saw a small babe, and was astonished. And after her astonishment, her womb was found to be as formerly, before she had conceived." Then the gossip of Bethlehem is reported; "Some said, The Virgin Mary has borne a child before she was married two months. And many said, She hath not been in labour,

<sup>1</sup> *Ascension of Isaiah*, first published from the Ethiopic by Abp. Laurence in 1819; XI, 8-14.

nor hath the midwife gone up to her, nor have we heard the cries of her pains." Thus it is explained how the virginity and the child-bearing of Mary escaped notice, and the child grew up as is customary. One is reminded of the puzzling remark in St. Ignatius's Epistle to the Ephesians that the virginity of Mary, her childbearing, and the death of the Lord, 'three mysteries of a shout,' all escaped the notice of the ruler of this world. If to St. Ignatius, the child-bearing was a separate mystery, distinct from the virginity of Mary, it may be that he had in mind the painlessness of the childbearing as the constituent of its mystery.

In the apocryphal *Gospel of James*,<sup>1</sup> which was in existence by the end of the second century, the story of Christ's birth has been elaborated. Joseph brings her to the cave, and leaves her there with his sons, the children of his previous wife, and goes to search for a midwife. He meets a woman who happens to be of that calling, and telling her that his wife Mary has conceived by the Holy Ghost, persuades her to return with him to the cave. When they arrive there, they see a bright cloud overshadowing the cave. Gradually the cloud is dissolved, and a blinding light shines forth from out of the cave; this light grows slowly dimmer until the young child appears; "and it went and took the breast of its mother Mary." In this narrative the absence of the midwife is vouched for, but the pictorial details of the bright light, as also Joseph's vision on his way of the whole of nature seeming for a moment to stand still, are elaborations of the earlier and plainer belief that the birth had taken place with circumstances quite beyond the ordinary course of nature. This *Gospel of James* had a great fortune in later times, especially with the artists and romancers, and also seems to have been read by Cyril of Alexandria, for he points to these sons of Joseph by his former wife as the "brethren of the Lord." It must be admitted that this *Gospel of James* was known a century ago, but, as it is less explicit than the other two documents cited upon the matter of the birth of Christ, it is easy to see how Passaglia should have passed it over.

These early stories of the miraculous character of Christ's birth, circulating at a level at which speculation upon their implications and in particular their implications in regard to His Mother's freedom from sin was unlikely, must have seemed highly dangerous when in the middle of the second century there arose the heretic Marcion to say that Christ was not born at all. "Marcion said"—so runs an old Syriac manuscript—"that Our Lord was not born of woman, but stole the place of the Creator, and came down and appeared first between Jericho and Jerusalem, like a son of man in form, image and likeness, but without our body."<sup>2</sup> If such a doctrine was

<sup>1</sup> *The Book of James*, XVIII and XIX; cf. *The Apocryphal New Testament*, edited and translated by M. R. James, Oxford, 1924; pp. 46-47.

<sup>2</sup> Syriac mss. of Brit. Mus., Add. 17215.

being preached by the rapidly spreading church of the Marcionites and reinforced by their gospel, which was the gospel of St. Luke with the infancy chapters cut out, it is obvious that the more learned among the defenders of the true faith would tread delicately on this ground. Thus one can understand how Tertullian came to be driven into a corner. The Marcionites, whom he calls the Academics, were using a text which they said came from Ezechiel and ran thus : "She gave birth to a child and yet did not give birth to a child."<sup>1</sup> No one has ever found this text in Ezechiel, or elsewhere in the Old Testament, and this fact used to worry the German critics greatly; but the explanation seems to be, quite simply, that the Marcionites had made it up, as a counterpoise to the Christian use of the prophecy in Isaiah about the virgin who was to bear a child. Tertullian was rather too impetuous in argument to read right through Ezechiel to find the text, and so took it as genuine. Thereafter he floundered badly, and, as if to establish better the reality of Christ's birth from Mary, was willing to admit, without evidence, that other children were born to her after Christ. One has seen the same kind of situation confront an Evidence Guild speaker, who, when given a quotation supposed to come from the book of Deuteronomy, "Tell your sins to no man but to God alone," did not challenge the text but went deeper and deeper into the quagmire while trying to defend the doctrine of Confession. The rise of the Marcionites and their success, due in part to their teaching that their form of Christianity did not require martyrdom as a final test of loyalty, provide reason enough for the temporary eclipse of these old Christian traditions that the birth of Christ was devoid of those physical circumstances which accompany as a penalty of original sin the birth of every human child upon the earth.

We find the thread of tradition again in the works of St. Cyril of Alexandria and St. Ephrem. Cyril in his commentary on St. Luke's gospel, after quoting the curse laid upon Eve in her childbearing, continues ; "But whenas a woman has brought forth Emmanuel in the flesh, who is Life itself, the power of the curse is broken, and along with death have been quenched also the pains which earthly mothers have to endure in their childbearing."<sup>2</sup> Cyril has gone beyond the tradition here if we take him to mean that the pains are assuaged for good and all, but, as his commentary is in the form of sermons to the people of Alexandria, it is not likely that he meant more than to say that, in the birth of Christ, His mother felt no pain at all, and that for those who should thereafter bear children that would grow up as Christians, there was a new hope and therefore some mitigation of their pains. Similarly one might speak of the

<sup>1</sup> Tertullian, *de Carne Christi*, XXIII ; Migne, P.L. 2,790.

<sup>2</sup> Cyril's commentary on Luke is preserved almost entirely in a Syriac version, published by R. Payne Smith, Oxford, 1859, and large sections of the original Greek exist and can be recognized among the *scholia* to Greek mss. of the gospel ; cf. Migne, P.G. 72, 489-492.



labour of the children of Adam becoming ennobled by the work which Christ did as a carpenter at Nazareth. One might argue that such actions of Christ supply the theological foundation for devotion to Christ the Worker, and similarly Cyril appears to suggest that the Divine Maternity of Mary was a fit subject of veneration to Christian wives.

After Cyril, Nestorius. It is perhaps surprising to be told that Nestorius accepted the Immaculate Conception, but the fact is beyond doubt. As more of his writings have come to light in recent years, his holding of this belief has been established, and the argumentation by which he came to it can be seen. "The manifold cries in the childbearing of women are a penalty of sin . . . but the merciful Lord coming into the womb of a woman changed in that mother the law of childbearing—for He provided that the childbearing of the holy virgin should be without sorrow—and gave to the human nature a mother that was a virgin."<sup>1</sup> Even though his heresy shows itself in the closing words here quoted, one may understand how it was that the Fathers of Ephesus pronounced their condemnation of Nestorius with tears in their eyes. Perhaps the truth is that Nestorius could not help himself, but had to accept the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception in view of the strong stand for it that had been maintained in the preceding century by St. Ephrem, whose amazing theological imagery must have been by the time of Nestorius widely diffused over the East. Ephrem has not much that is explicit on the painless birth of Christ as an argument for the Immaculate Conception of His mother, save for the words of one of his hymns; "The Most High was in the womb of a virgin, while she did not feel Him stirring beneath her breast."<sup>2</sup> Ephrem seems to have followed by preference the line of argument which began from acceptance of the fact that Our Lady was free from concupiscence or the revolt of her lower nature and then argued that this concupiscence was an effect of original sin, and that one who lacked the effect lacked also the cause. It is the line of argument which, summed up in the image of the rose amongst the thorns, had such a strong appeal in the early Middle Ages.

Two contemporaries of St. Cyril, Antipater of Bostra and Basil of Seleucia, show us how naturally the argument we have been following was accepted as part of the theological landscape. Both of these bishops, the one of the city in Transjordan that was the capital of the *Provincia Arabiae*, the other of the capital-city of Isauria, take Mary to be the counterpart of Eve precisely in this point that she by her painless childbearing brought back the joy which Eve's fault had banished from the world. "God suffered not the affair to stop short at the curse, nor left humanity widowed of goodly hope.

<sup>1</sup> Loofs, *Nestoriana*, pp. 324-326.

<sup>2</sup> Ephrem, *Hymni et Sermones*, ed. Lamy, Syriac and Latin, Malines, 1882; vol. II, col. 620.

As a countertype to Eve, He set up a maiden who bore her child untouched by the curse and a virginal childbearing which lacked the old-time pain."<sup>1</sup> So wrote Basil, while Antipater was more laconic; "The pain of Eve is done away; Eve brought forth in pain, but this joy (of the angelic salutation) banishes that former pain."<sup>2</sup> It is not without interest that Bostra, the first Christian city to be overwhelmed by the Moslem, may have been the link between the two faiths, for some enthusiasts have discovered in the Koran that Mahomet also accepted the belief in the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

One might think that with the firm foundation of this argument among the doctors of the fifth century there could be nothing to stop its being automatically taken over by theologians from age to age without demur. As a matter of fact, the texts which Passaglia collected from writers of the seventh and succeeding centuries show that it was not discarded, but, when the time of St. Thomas is reached, it is clear that some dislocation has occurred, for St. Thomas has an article in his Third Part to show that Christ's birth was painless, and would also accept the ordinary interpretation of the curse in Genesis, but strangely enough he does not put the two together and draw from them their theological conclusion. The reason he gives for holding back is curious: "The pain of childbearing in a woman is a consequence of intercourse with a man. Hence, in Genesis ch. iii, after the words: 'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children' are added the words: 'And thou shalt be under thy husband's power.'"<sup>3</sup> From this observation he implies that to his mind, the reason for exemption from pains of childbirth in the Blessed Virgin was her virginity and not precisely her freedom from original sin. St. Thomas cannot be suspected of using the fallacy of the consequent in his reasoning, so as to conclude that all that happens to a woman after intercourse is a consequence of it, and therefore one must guess that he had in mind some physiological view of the time, according to which the pains of childbirth were a revival of the pain incurred by the woman on the first occasion of intercourse. As Cardinal Toletus points out in his commentary on this passage of St. Thomas, the Scriptures make no exception from the universal law of painful childbearing any more than they do from the incidence of original sin; if therefore one is going to assert that the Blessed Virgin had an exemption in her childbearing, on the strength of tradition, then with equal authority should one assert her exemption from original sin. The two freedoms go together, and to deny one is to deny both.

<sup>1</sup> Migne, P. G. 85, 62; *ὅν γὰρ ἔσθησεν ὁ θεὸς ἄχρι τῆς κατάρας τὰ πράγματα, οὐκ ἀφῆκε χρηστῆς ἐλπίδος ὁ θεὸς τὴν φύσιν χηρεύσασαν, ἀντὶ τῆς Εὐσας παρθένον χωρὶς κατάρας ψιδίνουσαν καὶ τοκὸν παρθενικὸν λύπης ἀρχαίας ἐλεύθερον . . . ἀντέστησε.*

<sup>2</sup> Migne, P. G. 85, 1,777; *λύεται γὰρ ἡ λύπη τῆς Εὐσας. ἡ Εὐα ἐν λύπαις ἔτικτεν. αὕτη τοίνυν ἡ χαρὰ λύει ἐκείνην τὴν λύπην.*

<sup>3</sup> S. Th. 3a, xxxv, 6, ad primum. Cf. also 2a-2ae, clxiv, 2, ad tertium.

The Cardinal was speaking however against the disciples of St. Thomas rather than the master himself, for *his* preoccupation was with the difficulty that if Christ had suffered the Passion, His Mother should not be free from pain, and it is only incidentally that he lets fall the remark cited, the implications of which his disciples proceeded to draw out.

It is an easy task, when once the dogmatic horizon has cleared, to write down a description of some of its salient features, and such descriptions make earlier pronouncements seem foolish and halting, and their makers men of no vision ; but this momentary surprise should give place to admiration for the work of the Spirit of God who, as the soul of that mystical body of Christ which is His Church, guides it into all truth in the development of its doctrines, and is Himself that living water that God provides for all that rightly believe in Him and know and love Him.

J. H. CREHAN.

### *Beatus Vir*

O questing heart, whose love, long pent,  
Enkindles every bush and brake  
With mystic fire, and strives to make  
Of every flower a sacrament,

O thirsting soul, who canst assuage  
Thy drought with gall, and therein find  
The hidden sweet that rests behind—  
The joy that is thine heritage—

Blessèd art thou, when prison bars  
Shall serve to frame a lovelier light—  
When bonds are freedom, and the night  
Only the cradle of the stars.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

## “THE MONTH” FORWARDING SCHEME

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

Will readers and missionaries who are members of the Forwarding Scheme, please note that during a 1945 air attack on London all the reference books and the card index relating to the Scheme were destroyed when the private house where the work has been done since the war, was severely damaged. All names and addresses were lost and the Hon. Secretary is therefore unable to write to those who have written but failed to enclose their full address. It is also not possible to look up information which some missionaries and readers have asked for. There was a waiting list of Missionaries who had asked for THE MONTH ; this too was lost. Will those who would like THE MONTH please send their names and addresses, in BLOCK letters, to the secretary ?

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### THE CROWNING OF ENGLAND'S LAST CATHOLIC SOVEREIGNS

NOW that the radio, press, and news-films have made us familiar with the circumstantial splendour attending a coronation, as well as with the deep significance of a rite first framed when England's kings were Catholic, it may not be uninteresting to bring to light the impressions, recorded in a hitherto unpublished letter sent to Rome, of an eye-witness present at the crowning of James II and Mary of Modena, our last Catholic king and queen. The ceremony took place in the Abbey on St. George's day, April 23rd, 1685, the ensuing account being penned on the morrow.<sup>1</sup>

"... Yesterday there took place the ceremony of the Coronation of their Britannic Majesties, carried out with such pomp and order, with acclamations so great and general as to be impossible to describe. To-day there is no time to draw up even an imperfect account in detail with notes on the different offices of those persons playing a part in it, for a systematic summing-up of the whole ceremony itself, with its various parts and their true significance, is something that demands a long, accurate, and considered inquiry.

"In the meantime, however, I will at least tell you in general that the number of the great lords and ladies of the realm who took part in it, the style of their robes, all royally and richly adorned with loads of jewels, especially those of the ladies with their natural loveliness and charms shewing to advantage; the distinct and well-observed variety of degree among the higher and lesser nobles, both in their raiment and in their coronets; the well-rehearsed way in which they assisted at so rare a solemnity—all the glittering splendour of this magnificence and grandeur certainly surpassed anything that could be done elsewhere in pomp of such a kind.

"Two things in particular, however, I must bring humbly to the notice of your illustrious lordship (Mgr. Casoni of the Roman Chancery). The first is the extraordinary jubilee and acclamation of the people at seeing the imperial crown<sup>2</sup> set upon the sacred head of His Majesty the King; it came first from the chosen ones who were in the great Church of Westminster, where a general tossing-up of hats was to be seen in testimony of over-whelming joy; thence these happy voices, accompanied by the sound of trumpets and drums and the booming of artillery, passed

<sup>1</sup> *Relatione succinthe delle ceremonie della coronazione del nuovo Re e Regina d'Inghilterra*. A copy of this document from the Vatican Archives is now in the Public Record Office, Roman Trans. IX. 100 f. 541; it is from this that the above translation has been made. The anonymous writer, evidently an Italian with an eye for pageantry, was later a member of the suite of Count Fernando D'Adda, who was to become Archbishop of Amasia and Apostolic Nuncio to the Court of St. James. On his return to Italy after the Abdication, he was made a Cardinal.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning of course, the crown of the three kingdoms. Made for Charles II, it did not fit the head of James and, to the long-remembered terror of the Queen, would have slipped but for the timely hand of one who whispered "This is not the first time, Your Majesty, that my family have supported the Crown." Yet Henry Sidney was even then intriguing with William of Orange.



to the populace itself gathered from all parts of the realm and crammed chock-a-block in the streets, at windows, on the roofs, and in specially-erected stands along the whole route where Their Majesties were to pass on foot to the afore-mentioned church.<sup>1</sup> The King and Queen were then raised on high to the wonderment of anyone with a thought for past happenings, who now saw turned into transports of affection and joy those rancorous neighings without which, a few years since, the name of this august and noble prince could not be heard.

"The second very important point I will touch upon here is the vigour—a happy augury—with which Her Majesty the Queen bore the immense fatigue of this lengthy function which lasted from ten in the morning till seven at night; for she is still more or less convalescent, and it was feared that the weight of her robes and jewels worn at a long masque and other ceremonies would cause her suffering and prove prejudicial to her health. Apart, however, from a certain weariness that drove her to bed earlier than usual, she is quite well this morning, giving every sign of a practically perfect restoration to health.<sup>2</sup>

"The acclamation and applause at the moment of her crowning, which followed the King's, were, if not greater than, at least equal to those accorded His Majesty and were accompanied by tears of tenderness. If Her Majesty has always been generally loved and revered by these peoples, she is now more than can be told or imagined.

"The form of the Ceremony is the same as that used when the Kings were Catholic, save for the Mass, which Their Majesties heard earlier in the day, receiving Holy Communion.<sup>3</sup> None of the things used is consecrated, not even the oils, which are compounded of essence of orange-blossom, jessamine, rose-leaves, cinnamon and amber.

"The Queen showed herself well instructed in all she had to do, better perhaps than the bishops (of London and Winchester) who assisted her, for it was rather she who taught them, so that she carried everything through with a freedom and grace that gave the impression that she had never done anything but manipulate sceptres and wear crowns.

"The crown placed upon her head was richly set with stones of inestimable price; so indeed was all her array, the artistic harmony of which was a second source of wonderment to the spectators, if we count the first to be the Queen's natural majesty, ever most modest and serene.<sup>4</sup>

"The cavalcade to the Banquet was the same as that in which Their Majesties entered the church. After the Trumpeters and Drummers went the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Heralds and the Gentlemen-in-Ordinary to the Households of Their Majesties. Then the Law Officers with the Justices of the Peace; then the Bishops, and after them the Ladies, that

<sup>1</sup> This independent witness to the popular reception of the King provides an interesting commentary on the repeated statements of historians that few save Londoners came to the Coronation and that James was so fearful of popular apathy or worse that he primed the Westminster boys to shout their *Vivats*—a privilege they still hold.

<sup>2</sup> Mary had made herself ill, worrying over her husband's liaison with Catherine Sedley, soon to be happily ended. In describing the part played by the Queen on this occasion, the writer knew his news would be welcome in Rome, where Mary's mother, the widowed Duchess Laura, was living in retirement and in close contact with the Papal Court.

<sup>3</sup> At the King's request the rite was considerably curtailed, the Communion Service and other ceremonies being cut, and the Regalia being placed not on the Altar but on a table placed before the King.

<sup>4</sup> Since Cromwell and his Roundheads had plundered the Crown Jewels, there had been no Queen's crowning, so that James, determined that nothing should be lacking on the present occasion, had purchased his wife's regalia at the price of £100,000.

is to say, Baronesses, Countesses, Marchionesses, and Duchesses, all with their crimson mantles trimmed with long strips of ermine held with great cords of gold and silver on both shoulders. Beneath was another velvet robe made like any ordinary lady's dress, either hemmed as well with ermine and embroidered with the richest gems sewn on with gold or silver thread, or garnished with priceless lace.

"They also wore coronets, which they carried in their hands at the first procession and in the church, until the moment when the Queen was crowned; for at the beginning Her Majesty wore a circlet set with precious stones made like those which in ancient days the Roman matrons wore.

"Then, under a great canopy of cloth of gold, came the Queen, robed in a royal mantle held at the shoulders by strings of pearls and with a strip of nine streamers supported by her ladies, the chief of whom was the Duchess of Norfolk.

"Following the Queen were the lords in the same order as the ladies. They were robed in togas of crimson velvet tipped with ermine and with their coronets, varying according to their rank, also lined with ermine as are those of the ladies, which of course are smaller. Last of all came the King, under another large canopy and wearing a royal mantle slashed in a way similar to that of the Queen but of another pattern.

"In the great hall at Westminster stood laden tables, one at each side running the length of the walls for the Lords and Ladies of the realm who had been at the ceremony, about three hundred in all. At the head of the hall and across its width stood the first table with two canopies for Their Majesties. The said tables were already decorated with triumphal ornaments, festoons, and pyramids of the best-esteemed eatables. When Their Majesties were seated, all was served with laudable lavishness and abundance. The gentlemen waiters who carried the viands were led in by the first three officers of the Crown—the Duke of Ormonde, Lord High Steward; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal; and the Duke of Grafton, Lord High Constable.<sup>1</sup> All three were on horseback, dressed in their ducal robes and their steeds richly caparisoned.

"Also at the first table were a large number of lords appointed for the duties of tasters on that day. All were robed as I have said and all wore their coronets, being served at that function, equally with Their Majesties, not as private persons but as so many kings and queens, so numerous were the lords and ladies who waited on them, while the others who stood at their tables were also served with extraordinary pomp and splendour.

"Towards the end of the Banquet there appeared, between the above-mentioned Constable and Marshal, the Champion, upholder of the King's Rights.<sup>2</sup> He was in full armour and seated upon a superb war-horse. After proclaiming through a herald his challenge to all who refused to recognise as lawful the King and Queen of these realms, he threw down his battle gauntlet. Then Their Majesties bowed and the King drank

<sup>1</sup> All three names have a certain interest. Ormonde, the first Duke, was James Butler, who though baptised a Catholic was declared King's Ward by James I and brought up a Protestant at Lambeth Palace under Archbishop Abbott. Norfolk, the seventh Duke, was a nephew of the Dominican, Philip Howard, known as the Cardinal of Norfolk. Henry Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, was the second son of Charles II and Barbara Villiers, the dissolute Countess of Castlemaine, whose husband was soon to go to Rome as James's envoy to the Pope.

<sup>2</sup> This was Sir Charles Dymoke, hereditary King's Champion as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, a family right now commuted to the carrying of the Union Standard, borne at the recent Coronation by F. S. Dymoke, Esq.

to him from a large silver-gilt goblet, afterwards sending it to the Champion as a gift with the invitation that he also should quaff therefrom. During the whole meal there were many musical pieces with cymbals, trumpets, and various instruments. All passed off in a most orderly fashion without the slightest hitch, notwithstanding the crowded throng of people, who after Their Majesties' departure gave the final 'coup de grâce' to the remains of the meal."

---

NOTE. The actual crowning of James and Mary was performed by Archbishop Sancroft. It may seem strange to us, as it was distressing to English Catholics at the time, that two such staunch Catholics should receive anointing from a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. Some may even echo the Whig historian Macaulay's severe strictures of the inconsistency of the King, "who from a fanatical zeal for his religion threw away three kingdoms, yet chose to commit what was little less than an act of apostasy rather than forgo the childish pleasure of being invested with the gew-gaws of kingly power." Yet there was more in it than petty love of pomp. James knew that age-old opinion held an uncrowned ruler to be king only in a qualified sense; he was therefore anxious to receive the final cachet of kingship, and so secure his throne. Also one must remember that James acted on advice, Catholic advice: he was persuaded, as were many, that the ceremony was in substance a civil one, and he certainly saw to it that the rite was pruned down to its specifically "coronation" elements; furthermore, he was told of a precedent for his conduct in the consecration of Sigismund, the Catholic Prince of Sweden, by the Lutheran Archbishop of Ural.

GORDON ALBION.

---

"AS IN A GENTLE WEATHER"

MORNING is best when the sun comes up in liquid flames and the light is fresh and clear and unspoilt by the heat that quickly follows, mitigated only by the breeze created by our own speed. Flying fish rise from the ship's path like small birds and, spreading gauzy fanlike fins, glide out over the water. Occasionally they land on deck and we take them to the galley and cook them for breakfast. "Portuguese men-of-war" float by, their lovely fins—sails rather—protruding above the water; roseate and mauve they glide past like queer flowers cast upon the sea.

The freshness of the morning thickens into tropical heat. All day long we swelter under a sun which, until evening, when it vanishes suddenly, dragging the day with it beneath the darkening sea, seems perpetually to perch above the yardarm in the same relentless position, the same sun that

*Right up above the mast did stand*

and tormented the Ancient Mariner and his mess-mates. The blue sky becomes vaster, the horizon more remote: in winter the sea is more personal, more immediate and, though more venomous, is far less hateful: now its placid vastness makes things seem so far away: one is struck dumb with wonder at the infinite nature of it all.

Towards noon, the lookout in the crow's-nest reports a sea-plane low on the eastern horizon. A far-away speck, so tiny at first one has to peer twice to make sure it is not a trick of the eyes, she grows rapidly larger as she approaches us low above the water. Near us she banks and turns again in a crescendo of engines, guiding us to something she has observed. Abruptly we change course and follow. The telegraph rings, rings again, and we plough and heave into a thirty-knot sprint. What has the sea-plane sighted? You never know your luck—it may be anything from a submarine to an empty beer-crate. Peering, we crowd the rails and watch where she banks and turns towards us again. Presently as we tear along we can make out a tiny object.

Slowly it grows as we surge towards it: it is a box-raft such as merchant-men carry, and in it, lolling helplessly in the corners, are four men, bearded, sun-blackened and emaciated, who wave feebly as we draw alongside. They are like old, old men, yet their hair is black and strong.

A rope is thrown to them, but they are so weak they cannot stir a limb to help themselves. With unnaturally large eyes they stare back at us, overcome by the relief of being saved.

A seaman leaps nimbly down, seizes the rope and the raft is hauled to the destroyer's side. The water swirls and the dim shape of two huge sharks can be seen lounging beneath the surface: they have followed the raft for ten days, these survivors tell us later, ever since two of the men's companions went mad with sun and thirst and leapt overboard.

As gently as we can we haul them inboard. They cannot even stand. A little procession bears them forward, followed by others carrying their pitiful belongings—a bundle of clothes, a Greek ikon, a coloured shawl, a cage with a dead canary lying in the bottom, its scrawny claws clenched.

With the traditional generosity of seamen, we would have plied them with everything from "cottage pie"—just cooking in the galley for dinner—to raisin duff, a guaranteed soporific for those off-watch who like to spend the afternoon in their hammocks. Fortunately, the ship's doctor is there to prevent such disastrous feeding: after seventeen days with practically no food or water you can't return to normal feeding immediately.

They were Greeks, these survivors, fishermen from villages of Leros, and had been members of the crew of a tanker running from Lagos to Freetown. It was near dawn when they were torpedoed seventeen days before: hit aft, the ship burst into flames and began to sink immediately, they could feel her buckling under them, like some stricken animal writhing with its spine broken.

There were already men maimed and burnt, and amid their shrieks and groans, Georgi, the youngest of them, who told us the whole story later, with two others rushed half-naked from their cabins and tried to make their way forward along the fore-and-aft bridge, but the venomous flames drove them back. Some of them wrapt themselves in blankets and struggled through the inferno. Others died on the way for'ard, shrivelled to death like flies.

In the initial panic one lifeboat was stove in while being lowered: another had already been launched and was heavily overcrowded. Its occupants were about to cut the painter when Georgi realised that the ship was still slowly making way, bearing in its train a sea of blazing oil.

He shouted at them not to cut the painter until the tanker stopped, for he could see from the rail that they would never pull away from the ship's side before she passed them. But they took no notice, cut the



painter, and with hands made clumsy by fear, shoved off. In the best of circumstances it takes time to pull away a boatload of twenty men and before they could row half-a-dozen yards the ponderously moving ship had drifted past them and the last Georgi saw of his shipmates was a bright kernel of red in the midst of the curtain of raging flames.

By now the tanker was nearly stopped and, running along the foc'sle, Georgi dived into the tranquil water and struck out towards a raft which five men were laboriously paddling. They dragged him into the raft and, fearful of an explosion, pulled away as fast as they could.

There was no explosion. The tanker sank too quickly. With a sudden roar and a vast hiss of steam it turned over on its side and vanished, and the sea burnt as never before.

There followed day after weary day of drifting under the terrible equatorial sun; at first, in the relief of getting away from the blazing ship, they could endure it, but as one scorching breathless day shimmered into the deceptive beauty of another in that vast emptiness of immaculate sky and tranquil sea, and their scanty provisions, a keg of water and some hard weevil-rotten biscuits, diminished, then they weakened. On the eighth day, one of them, a lad from the Dodecanese, went mad and leapt overboard. Sharks began to follow the raft. With fear and loathing at first, and presently with growing apathy, the men watched the ugly fins cutting the surface a few yards away.

The water all gone, some of them took to drinking sea-water. They grew black and blistered with the sun, their tongues became swollen, their lips cracked and set.

Another man, unable to endure it, slipped overboard quietly one morning. For two days he had lain mumbling incoherently, crossing himself and handling an ikon he had brought with him, and staring with mad vacant eyes.

The next night a little rain fell, and joyfully they took off their ragged shirts and wrang out the precious moisture into their parched mouths.

Seventeen days after they were sunk we picked them up.

Exhausted, still stunned by what they had endured, in agony as if their skin had been flayed, they slept as best they could in the hammocks we gave them. The destroyer glides smoothly on through the idle sea. Night comes swiftly after the chaotic sunset: the night is soft and balmy, and under the awnings it is velvety dark. Never were there so many stars, and in the south the Southern Cross burns. Presently the moon creeps up the sky, a dull red crescent that soon turns to pale lemon-gold, gleaming down upon the jewels of phosphorescence dancing along the ship's side and in her wake. Music from the messdecks adds to the illusion.

Shadowy figures stroll up and down the irondeck, grateful for the cool: they stand languidly to attention as the shrill whistle of the bosun's mate pipes the rounds.

A. C. JENKINS.

## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA** : August 31st, 1946. **Religion Speaks to the Statesmen**, by John LaFarge, S.J. [The Editor of *America* insists that religion must preach the individual moral responsibility which statesmen have to recognize. "The pressure which religious criticism can bring is the pressure of the truth, of an appeal to that sense of truth and honesty which the statesmen themselves may lack, but which in the long run they cannot afford to ignore."]
- BLACKFRIARS** : September, 1946. **Vézelay**. [An account of the recent pilgrimage to the ancient shrine in Burgundy, where, in A.D. 1146, St. Bernard preached the second crusade, and from the pulpit of its basilica St. Thomas à Becket excommunicated King Henry II.]
- CLERGY REVIEW** : September, 1946. **Edinburgh : Fortress of the Faith**, by Noel Macdonald Wilby. [Some interesting notes on Scottish Catholic history, and especially upon the work of Catholic missionary priests in Edinburgh during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.]
- CRISTIANDAD**, May, 1946. [An admirable number of this Spanish fortnightly, published in Barcelona, and devoted to articles on St. Thomas More, with appreciations by English and Spanish authors and the judgments passed upon More by Spanish classical writers like Vives, Quevedo and Balmes.]
- HUMANITAS** : July, 1946. **G. K. Chesterton**, by Alberto Castelli. [An Italian priest professor from Milan writes with insight and sympathy of Chesterton, tracing the development of his ideas, emphasizing Chesterton's notion of sin and orthodoxy and at the same time his delight in the created universe.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD** : September, 1946. **Laynez, Papal Theologian at Trent**, by P. J. Gannon, S.J. [Based upon a recent American biography, this article is a study of a great theologian and the successor of St. Ignatius as General of the Society of Jesus, in a number commemorative of the Council of Trent.]
- MERCURIO PERUANO** : June, 1946. **San Agustin y la Filosofia de la Plenitud** by Victor Andrés Balaude. [A study of the religious philosophy of St. Augustine which finds in God Himself the fulness of goodness, truth and beauty.]
- RHYTHMES DU MONDE** : No. 2. **Médecine et Missions**, by Michel Blanc. [The director of the medical foundation "Ad Lucem" in the Cameroons discusses the medical side of foreign missionary work, as the practical expression of Christian charity.]
- RIVISTA PORTUGUESA DE FILOSOFIA** : July-September, 1946. [One of the earliest issues of a new Catholic review of Philosophy, published in Portugal. It includes a long study of Einstein's Relativity, articles on Leibniz and the problem of evil, and book reviews from home and abroad.]
- SHIELD** : August, 1946. [The eighth number of the new Catholic monthly published in Southern Rhodesia. Generously sprinkled with advertisements, it has articles on local affairs and on Europe, with a letter from London and an account of the golden jubilee of St. George's College, Salisbury.]
- SWORD** : September, 1946. **The Pope's Relief Work**, by A. C. F. Beales. [A valuable summary of the work of relief and charity organized from and by the Vatican during the war ; it is based upon a publication recently issued, with the title of "Charity Abounding."]

# REVIEWS

## ST. TERESA OF AVILA<sup>1</sup>

THE great increase of interest in 'mysticism' can be taken for granted. That it was possible for three volumes like these to be published at all, surely proves that that interest is serious, for no one would buy them out of sentimentalism or spiritual conceit. But there can be no question in this review of doing more than to describe their contents.

The author (for after all Professor Allison Peers is much more than a mere translator) freely expresses his regret that the excellent work by the Stanbrook Benedictines appeared before Fr. Silverio published his critical volumes: as it is, even their admirable enterprise could not stand in the way of a wholly fresh and complete publication. In his preface, he touches on the difficulty of 'Englishing' the Saint's very virile, humorous, yet subtle diction: on her occasional obscurity due, precisely, to her untechnical and even at times 'gaily ungrammatical' style: her use of words in different senses: her readiness to provide a slight 'shock' which must be reproduced somehow in English. He has aimed at being literal rather than elegant, but has abridged some of Fr. Silverio's long notes, adding other brief ones of his own in square brackets.

Volume I contains an outline-chronology of St. Teresa's life: Fr. Silverio's 'general introduction' in which he explains his method and his sources: his special introduction to her autobiography which then follows. This covers almost exactly the first 50 years of her life. But for another 16 years she received further 'favours' from God of which she had to make 'Spiritual Relations' to her confessors, forming a sort of 'appendix' to the Life, though not in any sense a 'book': these, with their own introduction, complete Vol. I.

Volume II begins with 'The Way of Perfection' of which autograph copies exist full of the Saint's own erasures or emendations: she certainly intended the Valladolid text to be, as it were, the definitive, publishable, version of her work, omitting much in the first version (in the Escorial) which she may have thought more suited to the nuns in her own convent. The Escorial version therefore is much more lively; that at Valladolid, clearer, more 'logical,' more 'suited for general reading.' Professor Peers has based himself on the latter, but admits some sentences from E. into his text, italicised: less important ones are in footnotes. One can, therefore "read everything that St. Teresa wrote and nothing that she did not," and also, see at once which version is being presented. After this comes the Introduction to the 'Interior Castle' (known in Spain as the 'Mansions'—*Moradas*), which carries her mystical doctrine to its sublimest heights without one moment forgetting asceticism and the need of practising the 'virtues.' The 'Castle' is followed by the 'Conceptions of the Love of God,' intended to be comments upon certain words of the 'Songs of Solomon' but in reality thoughts of the Saint about the love of God, arising from or occasioned by a few verses of the *Canticles*. Her confessor

<sup>1</sup> *The Complete Works of St. Teresa of Jesus*. Translated and edited by Professor E. Allison Peers from the critical edition of P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, O.C.D. 3 vols. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. xlviii, 367; xxxvi, 420; ix, 408. Price, £3 3s. od. per set. 1946.

almost certainly burned the autograph for fear of the Inquisition, for it might well seem wrong that a woman should write upon the Scriptures (Lutheranism indeed was encouraging reckless subjective writing also by women), let alone upon the Canticles. The intense study of the Scriptures by both Teresa and St. John of the Cross is manifest; also their *desire* to have their doctrine tested at all points. The critical establishment of the text of the 'Conceptions,' made on the basis of the very many copies in circulation must have been very difficult. This volume ends with the brief 'Exclamations of the Soul to God,' which, though the autograph is lost, brings us into exceptionally close touch with St. Teresa's soul, especially just after Communion.

Volume III contains the 'Book of the Foundations,' where we meet Teresa in her exterior life, though the 'interior' life shines through every episode. I cannot think of anything more astounding than the combination of so vehement, caustically yet affectionately humorous, indomitable and creative a life with that *habitual* loftiness of mystical union that she reached. Moreover, the book is so intensely Spanish that to read it might be a very good preparation for those who think themselves fit to criticise modern Spain because of their acquaintance with the suburban politics of England. Indeed, after reading Teresa, we sadly realise how increasingly dull and in fact vulgar we are becoming. Here is a divinely aristocratic soul! The 'Foundations' are followed by 'Minor Prose Works' which include the Constitutions given by Teresa to her Reform: her 'method for Visitation' of her convents: some 'Maxims': the quaint answer to the 'spiritual cartel' or 'challenge' probably sent by the friars of Pastrana: the fascinating answers she addressed to those who had commented on words heard by her—'Seek thyself in Me.' There is a special piquancy in her reply to St. John of the Cross, of all people—"This Father gives some remarkably sound doctrine for those who are thinking of following the Exercises practised in the Society of Jesus, but it is not to our purpose. It would be a bad business for us if we could not seek God until we were dead to the world. God deliver me from people who are so spiritual that they want to turn everything into perfect contemplation. At the same time we are grateful for having been given so good an explanation of what we had not asked about." (A hint to those who see in the Exercises a treatise of asceticism only, and not of prayer!) Then some more 'Thoughts and Maxims.' Then follows the translator's introduction to the Saint's verses. We are rightly grateful that he did not omit them, nor soften away their many literary imperfections, nor turn them into modern hymns, though these are indeed as a rule most popular in proportion to their inferiority. We had not realised that Teresa wrote 'carols' nor yet modelled herself so closely, at times, on profane songs: or was this simply the expression of a general instinct—the unconscious use of a *genre* proper to her time? Finally, there is a small choice of 'documents' illustrative of her spirit and life, e.g. by her cousin Maria de San Jerónimo and the account of her 'last acts' by Ana de San Bartholomé. Bibliography: Subject-Index: Indices to her figures of speech: Scriptural quotations: Names of Persons, and of Places. Admitting that from a literary point of view no translation (especially from a Latin tongue into a northern one) can fail to lose some of the flavour of the original, we must regard this work as definitive, perhaps, critically; and spiritually, of a very high value indeed.

C.C.M.



THE CONTINUITY OF ENGLISH CATHOLICISM<sup>1</sup>

THE lifetime of Richard Challoner covers the dismal passage of English Catholicism from the last of the martyrdoms to the first measure of Relief. On his return to London as a young priest in 1718, Challoner, as Denis Gwynn suggests, would have visited the aged bishop, Dr. Giffard, who remembered the days of Cromwell and, as a young man, had been nominated President of Magdalen by James II; on his death in 1781, Challoner's funeral oration was preached by a young chaplain of his, Mr. Milner, an old pupil of his foundation at Sedgley Park, who lived to see the rise of Oscott and the first days of the Second Spring. Challoner binds the old Catholicism to the new. It is not just that the accident of a long life enables him to join hands with the actors at either end of the drama. He is the player of the central part, a great confessor, who shares with the martyrs the glory of making English Catholicism the continuous thing that it is.

It is the greatness of Challoner that there was fused in his saintly personality an insight into the needs of the Catholic flock and a talent and zeal that could provide for them. In his early years at Douai he had seen a messenger arrive from Sir John Hales with instructions to take his three sons back to England, for they were no longer to be brought up as Catholics. It was the first shadow of a growing apostasy that was to darken his apostolic career; and, significantly, *Think Well On't*, his first book, is an appeal to the Catholic gentry to set eternal values before the ambitions of a materialistic age. His other works followed as the need for each arose, the *Garden of the Soul*, the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, and the rest, written mainly in his cheap lodgings at Holborn. It was there, among the poor of London, that he was most at home, visiting the Catholic proletariat in the indescribable squalor of the eighteenth century slums, and preaching to them on a Sunday in the 'Ship Inn' in Little Turnstile Street. He endeared himself to the London poor, whose grandparents remembered the heroic work of those twin apostles of St. Giles', Henry Morse, the Jesuit, and John Southworth, the secular priest. Perhaps none of the Vicars-Apostolic worked more for the smooth co-operation of secular and regular clergy. His relations with the Jesuits were easy, although it fell to him to arbitrate in the dispute over St. Omers, and to execute in England the Bull of Clement XIV, dissolving the Society of Jesus. His tact and his fair-mindedness in these negotiations illustrate well his concern for the Catholic cause in England; and to him the English Jesuits owe a great debt. At a conference in Holborn, which must have been one of the most moving moments in the old bishop's life, he arranged with Fr. Thomas More, the ex-Provincial of the Jesuits, that his disbanded subjects should form themselves into a Congregation of secular priests, which would be entrusted with the administration of the property of the ex-Jesuits. This kindly act of consideration kept open the way for the re-birth of the English Province.

The new interest that is being taken in Bishop Challoner makes this book very welcome. It does not claim to add to our knowledge of the man or his work. Indeed, Canon Burton's two volumes remain as final and as valuable to-day, as when they were published thirty-eight years ago. Apart from a very recent work (*Québec et l'Eglise aux Etats-Unis*, by P. Laurent, O.F.M., Catholic University of America), which draws

<sup>1</sup> *Bishop Challoner*. By Denis Gwynn, D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S. London: Douglas Organ. Pp. 256. Price, 8s. 6d. n. 1946.

from the episcopal archives at Baltimore some fresh information of Challoner's dealings with the Church in the American colonies, nothing has been written that supplements Burton's *Life and Times*. But this, as well as M. Trappes-Lomax's very readable abridgement of Burton, is out of print; and there was need for a shorter popular life of Challoner to introduce Catholics to the saintly bishop who preserved their heritage in the most difficult times. Denis Gwynn has done this admirably.

P.G.C.

#### REPORT ON YOUTH<sup>1</sup>

THIS book is important out of all proportion to its length and its price. As Mr. C. S. Lewis remarks in the preface, "If we had noticed that the young men of the present day found it harder to get the right answer to sums, we should consider that this had been adequately explained the moment we discovered that schools had for some years ceased to teach arithmetic. After that discovery we should turn a deaf ear to people who said that the influence of Einstein had sapped the ancestral belief in fixed numerical relations, or that gangster films had undermined the desire to get right answers, or that the evolution of consciousness was now entering on its post-arithmetical phase." The serving officer, who pretty obviously, has written *How Heathen is Britain?* speaks from some considerable experience. For about a couple of years he has conducted discussion classes with young men likely to become officers; they ranged from those educated in primary schools to public school boys. After an attempt to put over the Christian Social Order to his classes, he discovered that on the whole their knowledge of Christianity was precarious and peculiar. So he set out to make some investigations—as described on p. 19. Then he gave—all that his time allowed—a series of five lectures. The first, 'What is Man?' in which the fact of the soul, free will, and responsibility are discussed. In the second period, Standards of Values are dealt with. Then follows an examination of the authority for values, the grounds for belief in the Godhead of Christ, His authority to lay down the moral law and to reveal the purpose and destiny of Man. This means treating the Gospels, with their miracles and especially the Resurrection. Not least valuable is the occasional note on how to present the material, e.g., on p. 39.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is pp. 23-27, where the reactions of the listeners are related, or at least thirty typical judgments are recorded. There is independent testimony to the interest of the audience, with their informal and spontaneous intervention by question and discussion in the course of the lectures. This goes to justify Mr. C. S. Lewis's remark in the preface that the author (delightfully unsuspected by himself) has unusual talents as a teacher. A number of reflections suggest themselves on closing this book. If the most unclerical of laymen can do this thing in what might have been considered the least propitious of settings, what a scope for similar work might be found elsewhere?

It may not be irrelevant to suggest a review of our own school teaching of religion. So much has been achieved, much more is being tried. But what of the occasional instance where the actual time given to any secular

<sup>1</sup> *How Heathen is Britain?* By B. C. Sandhurst. London: Collins. Pp. 64. Price 3s. 6d. n. 1946.

subject is much in excess of that given to religious teaching? Or when syllabus and methods prevail which would never be tolerated for long in any matter to be presented for a public examination? Outstanding work has been and is being done by the Metropolitan Catholic Teachers' Association—as their handbook for 1946 shows. An extension of their work with a linking of it to that of other bodies throughout the country might well be the most practical way of seizing the chances (or parallel ones) so inescapably demonstrated by Mr. B. C. Sandhurst's remarkable book.

R.C.G.

### ATHEISM AND ITS FRUITS<sup>1</sup>

THE words "atheist" and "atheism" may be used to signify somewhat different mental attitudes. There are very many people to-day who simply take it for granted that there is no God, to whom religion seems to present no problem at all. Atheism of this type is very different from the atheism of despair, the atheism of the man who sees what a Godless universe means and would like to believe in God, but whose experience of life is, he thinks, incompatible with God's existence. Different again is the predominantly intellectualist or critical atheism, the atheism of the man who lays down philosophical or scientific premisses from which atheism follows, the atheism of the "rationalists." Finally there is the atheist who may or may not try to disprove God's existence theoretically, but who is certainly determined to oust God from the scene because he feels God as a burden, as a hindrance to the realisation of his positive and constructive plan for mankind. Such a man is a resolute opponent of God and a hater of our Christian past; he may perhaps be more properly termed an antitheist than an atheist.

In his book on the drama of atheistic humanism Father de Lubac describes the attitude of selected thinkers who have thrust God out of the picture in order to liberate man for the realisation of their constructive dreams. (As he points out, though the Gospel message came as a word of deliverance from bondage when it was first preached, the tendency in modern times has been to look on it as a burden, as a hindrance to freedom.) In the first part of his work he considers Feuerbach and Nietzsche and confronts Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, while the second part he devotes to Auguste Comte and the third part to Dostoevski, whom he sets over against Nietzsche. The first and third parts of the book are a development of studies which appeared in *Cité Nouvelle* from 1941 to 1943 and it is probably these parts which will be of most interest to English readers, who tend to find Comte rather tedious. (One remembers how J. S. Mill, who corresponded with Comte for a time, could not stomach the French philosopher's idea of a Positivistic "Church.") However, the thinkers of whom Father de Lubac treats are taken as representatives or symbols of a spiritual attitude, and Comte, looked at in this light, is of importance to all. As the author notes, the book was written under the German occupation and was printed before the liberation of Paris, a fact which explains the omission of certain topical applications.

It would be a mistake to think that Father de Lubac's book is not a unity, on the ground that parts of it were originally separate studies in a periodical:

<sup>1</sup> *Le Drame de l'Humanisme Athée*. By Henri de Lubac, S. J. Paris: Editions Spes. Pp. 412. Price, 200 francs. 1945. (III<sup>e</sup> Edition, revue et corrigée.)

indeed the unity is perhaps all the more effectively brought out by the mode of treatment. The author exposes the ideas of the selected atheist writers, making a frequent use of quotation and giving full evidence of that learning and breadth of reading which one would expect from him, and he shows how humanistic atheism, which gets rid of God in the name of human liberation, ends by subjecting man to a degrading tyranny, a conclusion foreseen by Dostoevski the Christian, willed by Comte the atheist, realised by the Marxist. The book is thus fittingly termed *Le Drame de l'Humanisme Athée*. There is indeed an unexpected "peripety" in the development of atheistic humanism. The denial of God may bring that preliminary feeling of freedom, of boundless horizons, of which Nietzsche speaks, but when the Godless man takes his eyes from the far horizon and looks down at his feet, he finds that he has been loaded with heavy chains. And this is inevitable, for the dignity of man is bound up with his relationship to God: deny that relationship and you deny the dignity of man. If man is essentially a creature, if he has an essential relationship to God (involving most important consequences in regard to the relationship of man to man), then to deny God is to deny man, and to be an assassin of God (to use Nietzsche's phrase) is to be an assassin of man.

This may seem to be a paradox, for does not the antitheist deny God the Creator in order to set man in God's place, to make man free and independent, the master of his own destiny? Yes, but if there is no God-given meaning in human life and history, if man himself is to fix the meaning and the goal, and if there is no Father in heaven and no immortal soul in man, the inevitable practical result of such premisses will be that the few who possess the requisite energy, drive and determination, will take it upon themselves to fix the ideal of human society and they will force their conceptions and their ideals on the rest of men with a ruthlessness and force against which the individual has no appeal if he is little better than a superior animal. In the place of theism arises the Myth of the Race or the Myth of the Proletariat or the Myth of the Superman, and the value of the individual as such is rendered negligible. He cannot appeal to absolute truth, if there is no absolute truth, or to absolute moral values, if they do not exist, or to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, if there is no Father in heaven. In an atheistic world Power is the sole arbiter.

The theme, then, of Father de Lubac's book is that an exclusive humanism, an atheistic humanism, is an "inhuman humanism." But he does not argue the matter theoretically or theologically: he develops the thought of certain writers and makes his point very effectively in that way. The full-blooded atheist would naturally remain undismayed, since he not only foresees some of the main consequences of his atheism but actually wills them; but one wishes that those individuals who imagine that one can conserve the Christian moral values without Christian theology, would read this fine work, provided, of course, that they read with serious attention and meanwhile kept one eye on recent and contemporary history. The believer too could only profit by it, since it helps to make clear the fundamental issues of our time.

F.C.C.



A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY<sup>1</sup>

THE *Just Vengeance* was performed during June, 1946, in Lichfield Cathedral, on the occasion of its 750th Anniversary Festival. In form it is a Miracle Play, 'of man's insufficiency and God's redemptive act, set against the background of contemporary crisis' and all those who read the play will recognise at once Miss Sayers's felicitous touch and her grasp of Christian Dogma.

The English Miracle Plays which entered into their own in the fourteenth century presented in one great sweep the history of man from Creation to Doomsday. In them the plan of Providence is set before us, eternity and time walk hand in hand and God, become man, moves easily in our English countryside. The task before these old English playwrights was much easier than that facing Miss Sayers. Their audience, for all their shortcomings, held a common faith; the truths of the faith were felt in the blood, familiar as food and drink, and Christ was indeed man's "dere broder." All that the playwright had to do was to present the facts in a simple dramatic setting; the incidents of the Bible Story are set out scene by scene, often the verse is merely a metrical paraphrase of the evangelist's words:

I shall come to you again  
And take you to Me  
That wheresoever I am  
You may be with me.

And the psychology is of the simplest; there is no chiaroscuro, good is white and bad is black and never the twain shall meet.

For Miss Sayers, however, the situation is far different. There is no common background of faith and the age-old truths have to be presented in a new dress; the drama itself has changed, and the Old and New Testament incidents need a more subtle and a more psychologically convincing presentation than was possible in the early days of English Drama. This is an exceedingly difficult task but Miss Sayers has carried it off.

The action of the play is instantaneous and takes place in the moment of death of an airman, shot down when out on operations. He is at a loss, haunted by 'the sense of belonging nowhere,' until he finds himself at last in his own city, 'Lichfield.' Yet it is no true homecoming; he is too bewildered, uncertain of the meaning of life, sickened by the injustice that fills this world. He had begun life happily and with high hopes—

And then, like the switching-off of a light—nothing;  
Only a crawling of maggots among carrion  
In a muddle of petty squalors. If one could find,  
Somehow, a way to make the glory endure!

It is a question not so much of action as of orientation: what do you believe? The Chorus answer for him, chanting the Creed, but it is not *his* faith:

I believe in man, and in the hope of the future,  
The steady growth of knowledge and power over things,  
The equality of all labouring for the community,  
And a just world where everyone will be happy.

But where is this justice to be found? Certainly not in any man-made world; impossible to dissociate man from his past, as the airman would do, to leave out the fact of original sin and God's glorious redemption.

<sup>1</sup> *The Just Vengeance*. The Lichfield Festival Play for 1946. By Dorothy L. Sayers. London: Gollancz. Pp. 80. Price, 5s. n. 1946.

So the airman is shown the divine plan from the Temptation of Adam and Eve to Christ's triumphant ascension and on into His life in the Church. Eve it is who first gives the clue to the just vengeance that is to come :

It was only after the fall  
That I conceived and brought forth Abel and Cain.  
Both of them are my sons, but Cain is the first-born.

Later the Chorus take up the thought :

'All men are Abel and Cain, but Cain is the first born.' Injustice is all-pervading and only in Christ can it be repaired ; on His back are bound not only the traffic in blood, 'the lazing, the lust, the cruel insatiate wheels' but also the upright judge and the incorruptible jury, 'the weapons of defence and the armies of occupation, the school, the asylum, the spires of the cathedral.' In Him the right order is established, in Him Justice and Mercy have kissed. But as Pascal said, 'Jesus Christ will be on His cross unto the end of time' in us His members and therefore each of us must bear something of, must make up what is lacking in, His sufferings :

Martyr : I am ready to carry the burden of the oppressor.

Harlot : I will carry the shame.

Labourer : I'll give a hand with the toil.

Lunatic : And I will carry the fear that shatters the heart and the brain.

and as Christ says to the airman :

You shall carry the burden of bewilderment.

We shall find one another in the darkest hour of all.

So in the instant of death the airman makes his choice ("The moment when you find Me is never too late.") and finds that he has indeed come home.

Because the action of the play is instantaneous, chronology is irrelevant. Cain and Abel, Pilate and Herod, George Fox and Dr. Johnson meet and talk and there is no sense of incongruity. Such a common traffic is justified even apart from the dramatic circumstance, as Miss Sayers knows only too well. For not only does God see everything in an eternal Now, but man, too, is vitally related to the past and the future. To see life properly is to see it *sub specie aeternitatis* ; the fall is ever being renewed in man's personal choices. We are all, singly and in community, terribly in need of redemption and that redemption is likewise ever at work in and through Christ's Church :

Rise up, My City, rise up, My Church, My Bride !  
For the time of your singing is come, and My bright angels  
Unwinter hosanna in the perpetual spring ;  
Where the endless Now is one with the moment's measure ,  
The truth with the image, the City one with the King.

I have been able to do no more than hint at the riches of this play ; but all who have read or heard *The Man Born to be King* will not need my recommendation. Enough to say that this play has been written by Miss Sayers. The subtlety of the psychology, the depth of the religious content, presented in verse that is packed with associations and continually echoes the thought of saints and poets, give an air of timelessness to a contemporary event and while affording aesthetic pleasure also proclaim Christ.

T. SMALLEY.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN<sup>1</sup>

THE somewhat pathetic Austrian Emperor, whose reign of 68 years is the longest in modern history, has inspired the author to write a very comprehensive and deep study on European history since 1848. The private life of Francis Joseph, his character and work, his immediate entourage, his family and ministers stand vividly before the reader with all the necessary details enabling him to follow this period of history with comprehension and interest. The close interdependence of historical events and their bearing on future developments fully justify a deeper study of a period, the consequences of which are still felt at present, even more perhaps than many of us realize.

The author gives a detailed account of the Prussian policy of Bismarck and his successors who, both by political intrigues and by force, established Prussian supremacy over Germany and then reduced the Austrian Empire to the status of a vassal. Saint-Aulaire like Francis Joseph detests this supremacy of Prussia and attributes to it the fatal turn of events in Europe. While analysing this period and commenting that it is easier to remake history than to make it, he attempts to show how the course of events could have been altered for the benefit of Europe.

The Austrian Empire, composed of many nationalities, could have become a model Central European Federation instead of an instrument of German expansion. It had every opportunity to humanize the chief political conception of the XIXth century, the idea of nationalities and their autonomous rights. This was the natural line of development. Francis Joseph missed a unique opportunity of taking this line in 1863 during the Polish insurrection against Russia. It was the only occasion on which France, always keen to promote liberty and very sympathetic towards the Poles, would have marched alongside Austria. Austria would have had to give up the province of Venice to Piedmont, but she lost this province anyhow three years later, after being defeated by Prussia at Sadowa. The restoration of a Polish Kingdom united with the Austrian Empire would have prompted a more liberal Austrian policy towards the other Slavonic peoples of the empire, the Czechs and Southern Slavs. Prussia was at this time weaker than the Austrian Empire and would have been still further enfeebled by a rising in its Polish provinces supported by Austrian military action. The whole of the liberal-minded public opinion of Europe would have strongly supported and approved assistance given to Poland. Austria, the remaining free German states closely supporting her, France and the Kingdom of Piedmont would easily have defeated Prussia and compelled Russia to restore the freedom of Poland. England would have been undoubtedly sympathetic to this action since she had begun to resent Russian expansion in the Middle and Far East. The same could be said about the Ottoman Empire. A Prussian defeat would have altered the whole course of history. Germany as a confederation of independent states; Austria as a large Central European Federation; Italy united within the limits of her national aspirations; France relieved from the fear of aggression from the East—these countries could have collaborated successfully in extending the benefits of Christian culture and civilization. Unfortunately Francis Joseph missed this opportunity and had to witness in consequence a progressive dismemberment and weakening of his Empire, which fell two years after his death.

<sup>1</sup> *François-Joseph*. By Le Comte de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Librairies Arthème Fayard. Pp. 598. Price, 180 francs. 1946.

Prussia and Russia, facing the common danger of a Polish rising, came to their first understanding in 1863, and the Poles without help from outside were soon defeated. Napoleon III, favouring Cavour in his policy of unification of Italy, found himself opposed to Francis Joseph who refused to give up the province of Venice. Francis Joseph, left without French support, was defeated by Prussia in 1866, and as an immediate result the whole of Germany fell under Prussian domination. France itself was defeated by Prussia four years later and thus Prussian Germany became the strongest power on the Continent. The peace of 1919 left Germany united while dividing the old Austrian Empire into various small national states with separatist policies, instead of joining them together in a federal union. None of these states was able separately to resist the expansion of Germany. When Austria became annexed to the Reich in 1937, it took only a year longer to annex Czechoslovakia. When Poland fell after a short though gallant resistance in 1939, the rest of Central Europe, came again under German domination.

Saint-Aulaire lays strong emphasis on the fact that the independence of the European States lying between Germany and Russia depends on their political and economic union. This union would take the place of the old Austrian Empire, thus re-establishing the natural links of neighbouring countries which are meant to be united by political, cultural, economic reasons as well as by long tradition. In this sense the famous saying of the Czech politician and historian, Palacky is too true, namely, that if Austria did not exist, it would have had to be invented.

Contemporary statesmen should pay much more attention to the experience of their predecessors and keep clearly in mind the natural trends of development of European countries. "In the community of nations," writes Saint-Aulaire, "an injustice inflicted upon one of them is a menace to the others. What one called 'the rights of nations,' is the right of the whole world. It takes revenge more often on those who consent to its violation than on those who actually violate it."

J. LADA.

## SHORT NOTICES

### CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Mary Harris has written a charming tale for very young children in *The Wolf* (Sheed and Ward : 6s. n.). It tells of the dramatic intervention of St. John Bosco, as the consequence of a child's prayer. We are not sure we like the miraculous dragged in just to make a story, but must own we found this story good and interesting and read it eagerly to discover the finish. The book is well printed in large black type and well produced.

Joan Windham's books for children are very well known. We welcome again two of them. The first, *Saints by Request*. Many children had written to the authoress, asking why their own saints' names were not included in her earlier books. "You never wrote about *my* saint," was their complaint. Here is some measure of reparation, with lives like those of Saints Andrew, Philomena, Bernard, Benedict, Julia, Martin, Adrian, Cecilia, and several more. The book has a few illustrations, of the con-



ventional kind. The second of them is a new edition of *Six O'clock Saints*. Here are old favourites, such as "The Legend of the Flight into Egypt," Longinus, Christopher, Brigid of Ireland, Aloysius Gonzaga, Bernadette, Anne de Guigné. The illustrations are new and modern and reminiscent of some of the latest drawings in *Punch*. Art critics tell me the manner is favoured in art schools and represents what a child might draw himself. But I do not like them. The two books are published by Sheed and Ward at the price of six shillings each.

## DEVOTIONAL

Father Henry Gill, S.J., has composed a short life of *Saint Joseph* (H. M. Gill : 3s. n.). This, he tells us, is not to add to the number of books already published on devotion to the Saint, but to help one to understand more clearly the place he held in the lives of Our Lord and His Mother. Each chapter is headed by a quotation from the Gospels, and one learns to appreciate the meaning of the quotations and to picture the incidents to which they refer, by some vivid descriptions of the life and customs of the East. The book is written in simple language and, though its professed purpose is not to add to the library of devotional books on St. Joseph, it cannot help but do so, and it should encourage devotion to the guardian of the Divine Child.

From the writings of St. Alphonsus, Father J. B. Coyle, C.S.S.R., has chosen and edited a passage for each day of the year, and these extracts are to be presented in four volumes. The first of them, now before us, gives selections for the period from Advent to Septuagesima, under the title of *All My Days for God* (H. M. Gill : 6s. 6d. n.). St. Alphonsus made a vow "never to lose a moment of time," and this enabled him to accomplish more than one would have deemed possible for one single man. His dominant thought was how to make good use of time, that he might thereby win eternity, and many will be helped to imitate that admirable practice through the extracts given in this book. The passages are well chosen and arranged, and many a question is touched upon, with the hand of a spiritual master. The book includes a short preface by Father T. J. Wheelwright, C.S.S.R., of Baltimore.

Pilgrimages to our Lady of Walsingham were restricted during the years of war to the military, and many soldiers of various nationalities besides our own were given opportunity by Army Commanders to visit Walsingham and pray for victory. Now that war is over and victory has been granted to us, many public and private pilgrimages have already been made and both past and future pilgrims will be grateful to Mr. H. M. Gillett for his new book (for it really is a new book rather than a new edition of his former book) on *Walsingham* (B.O. & W. : 5s. n.). Interesting as are his speculations concerning the Making of the Shrine (chapter I), many readers may prefer to begin with the Glory of Walsingham (chapter II), followed by the Return to Walsingham (chapter VIII) and then go back to the other chapters, so almost distractingly full of detail, and continue with the appendices. Mr. Gillett would seem to have discovered everything of any value that is known about Walsingham and his persevering labour has put all lovers of our Lady and her Dowry deeply in his debt. Mr. Claude Fisher's photographs greatly enhance the value of the book, especially for those who, having been to "This so Holy Land," will delight in these well chosen views of scenes they love to remember.

If the charity of Christ be the chief end of our spiritual reading, the works of St. John Eudes will be a welcome addition to our library. **The Kingdom of Jesus**, published by P. J. Kenedy, New York, is one of his earliest works and is a compendium of his philosophy, which might be summed up in his own words, "to work at the formation of Christ within you, that He may live and reign there, so that He may be your life . . . and your all." The first third of the book is the elaboration and practical application of this doctrine: the rest consists of devotional exercises. He may seem, particularly in the exercises, to savour of the period and to dissipate something of his original ideal by a multiplication of considerations and observances; but he has a warning to the point: "even though I may suggest various ideas and practices, there is no need for you to make use of them all every time." And, in spite of the period flavour, his wisdom is as refreshing and warming to-day as in the seventeenth century.

Though discernible in "The Kingdom," the devotion which focussed St. John's piety, is expressed in **The Sacred Heart of Jesus**, (also from P. J. Kenedy, New York). The similarities and differences between his statement of it and St. Margaret Mary's are really irrelevant: it is unquestionably indecent to try and enrich one halo at the expense of another. Minor differences there are—perhaps more than the zealous loyalty of its modern introduction admits: certainly of less practical consequence than Bremond's long comparison might suggest. The fact that St. Margaret Mary's revelations were given in apparitions of the Sacred Humanity and in sorrow and suffering brought, perhaps, the more human and personal relationship of love into greater relief and stressed more the note of reparation. But St. John's prior development is an enlargement and deepening of St. Margaret Mary's later revelation. St. Margaret Mary's vision of Our Lord gives concrete, vivid, divinely human expression to what St. John had taught: but what St. John had taught gives expression to what must be understood and lived by those who have been caught by St. Margaret Mary's vision.

**The Splendour of the Rosary** (Sheed and Ward: 12s. 6d. n.), by Maisie Ward is an explanation of the Rosary—psychological, historical, theological—with meditations for each of the mysteries, illuminated by Fra Angelico and embroidered with little rhythmic prayers by Caryll Houselander. It is a stimulating book, provoking one, at least, to clarify one's own way of seeing the words of the Rosary in the mysteries and the mysteries in the words.

The letter-press of **Our Lady's Feasts** (Sheed and Ward: 8s. 6d. n.) by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P., is clear, simple, moving and devoid of all false sentiment, and excellently suited to girls 'in their teens.' But the special charm of the book is in its illustrations—all silhouettes made with the help of scissors. The purity of the line is exquisite, and this, with the massing of blacks and white—"black in her hands becomes a colour"—are as lovely as Aubrey Beardsley's were. Perhaps the most charming is the 'Immaculate Conception,' where the child Mary rises from within a great arum-lily—a heavenly cloak of grace? Imagination and craftsmanship have met and kissed.

#### PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS

A well-stocked booklet, published by Burns and Oates for one shilling and entitled **Charity Abounding**, describes the remarkable work of Papal

Relief during the war. The book should be bought and read by every Catholic, and its contents memorized for the wider information of non-Catholics. It is indeed an amazing tale of charitable work, carried out without discrimination of creed or class or nationality, in the finest Christian spirit. The booklet tells of the Vatican Information Service, which answered enquiries about prisoners and refugees in 62 different languages, had branch offices all over the world, and was supplied with news from all Apostolic Nunciatures and Delegations. Between October, 1939, and the close of December, 1944, the Office, using courier, post, telegraph, air mail and radio, dealt with 1,840,360 incoming requests and messages, and sent 5,630,214 replies. From the Vatican went thousands of cases of books, gramophones and records, footballs, razors, clothes, music, paper, pencils, soap and tobacco, which Nuncios and Delegates distributed to prisoners and internees in many countries. Nuncios visited prisoners' camps; relief missions went to civilian camps and prisons. Facilities were provided for seminarists and students, held under duress, and courses organized. In Rome itself the Vatican opened for relief 35 soup kitchens and 460 cafeterias. It is a splendid record of material relief and spiritual encouragement.

## MISSIONARY

The charming title of **Daffodils under the Snow** belongs to a republication (Cyfeillion Cymru: Apostolate of the Welsh Missions, 8 Sanddown Lane, Liverpool, 15: 2s. 6d. n.) of articles in the quarterly *News Letter of Cyfeillion Cymru*, 1942-1946. The illustrations are by Gerald Cross. These articles are about the Mission itself: Wales and Rome: Wales and the Reformation: St. David: Wales and the Franciscans: the exquisite account of the Old Woman of Strata Florida (Ystrad Fflur in Cardiganshire): Celtic Monachism: St. Winefred's Well: the history of certain Parishes—Lampeter; Machynlleth: the recent study of Welsh Saints—may Fr. Brodrick turn his mind to this, for instance, to John Gwynneth and his associates! and a Carmelite note on the End of our Time. Such is an account of the contents of this beautifully produced, scholarly, friendly and inspiring booklet. England humbly acknowledges that she owes much of the survival of the Faith within her, to priests prevented from going on to Wales. Our own acquaintance with that stalwart, very 'personal' nation—though confined on the whole to the South and its mining or sea-faring areas—has led us to a very profound esteem for this ancient race, so tenacious of its traditions—if only it realised what they truly are!—so suspicious of the alien, yet so welcoming to the man of good will. As men of good will, we ask every blessing upon this courageous little publication, and pray that however iron-hard may seem the soil and however deep the exquisite crystal of the snow, the golden loveliness of Daffodils may soon be token of a new miracle in Wales.

Mother Dengel, Superior of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, gives us in **Mission for Samaritans** (Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee: \$1.75) a very finely documented (and richly illustrated) account of what Medical Missions are meant to be, and of their background. The more immediate background, so far as Catholics go, is the heroic work of Dr. Agnes McLaren and Dr. Margaret Lamont, both converts. The former died in 1913 without seeing her earnest and often renewed petition that

Sisters might study and practise medicine, granted. But in 1936 the Sacred Congregation of Rites decreed that it would *wish* to see new institutes of women formed, devoting themselves to this work and obtaining doctors' or nurses' certificates. The author is very frank in her description of the devoted pioneering work done by Protestant medical missions, so far ahead of Catholic ones—save in three important points, if we may echo what she says from personal conviction: first, they have as a rule been vastly better financed than ours: second, they have often tended to be too much at governmental beck and call: and most important, they tend to regard their medical work almost as self-sufficient, and not as a real but subordinate part of spiritual Christian service. The book takes Africa, India, China, Oceania and Japan, North and Latin America and special groups in the U.S.A. into its purview. We most sincerely deplore that Dr. Dengel finds far more recruits for this heroic and necessary work almost anywhere rather than in England. And yet how many of our girls 'go in for nursing' and maybe medicine as a profession! Add whole-hearted self-sacrifice for the sake of Our Lord, and the thousands of hospitals such as the Missions need will soon be created and then staffed.

## LITERARY

**Beaumarchais** (Arthème Fayard: 90 frs.), universally known as the author of *Le Barbier de Seville*, and *Le Mariage de Figaro*, is perhaps less well known in his private life, which on the whole is no loss. M. Auguste Bailly retells the story of the cynical, gay adventurer who began as a watchmaker, invented an escapement, won fame at court for his tiny masterpieces, entranced a patroness, and cajoled her husband into selling his court charge. The rest of the picaresque adventure, secret service which brought arms to the American Colonies in revolt against England, the launching of the Kehl edition of Voltaire's works, buying rifles for the Revolution in his own country, money quarrels, *Mémoires* against Goetzman which Bailly compares to the *Provinciales*—all this may be read in this detailed biography. It might equally well be read in any good encyclopaedia, for the style does not show the able author at his best.

While M. Maurice Toesca makes no claim in **Une Autre George Sand** (Plon: 58 frs.) to destroy the romantic reputation of George Sand, which involves many beside de Musset, he has no difficulty in showing that other side of her life which for thirty years was filled with relentless work as a writer and with her preoccupation with her son Maurice. The author has used much unpublished material and has succeeded in making a most attractive book. Inevitably the marionette theatre of Nohant appears, but with all her mothering of Maurice, George Sand never spoiled him, advised him to make the ideal match which he made, in fine gives not the slightest atom of material to the observant Freudian. For the student of George Sand here is a most illuminating and satisfying book.

**Renaissance in the North** (Sheed and Ward: 10s. 6d. n.) by W. Gore Allen is the basis of ten lectures for the Workers Educational Association. It covers ground quite unfamiliar doubtless to most of us. After accounting for the choice of subject the author devotes a chapter—very necessary—to the "Background": it is a chapter which should be re-read after the rest of the book has been studied. He then writes of Sigrid Undset, as the writer both of 'medieval' and of 'modern' stories, both of them 'Catholic,' which in itself is amazingly significant when you remember



that she was brought up entirely in that sort of Liberalism which marked the dying of Protestantism. We shall never forget the shock we received from reading *Kristin Lavransdatter*; not only because of its oak-and-iron masculinity combined with extreme perceptiveness, but because we found ourselves literally *living* in a distant Catholic Norway to which we had hardly given a thought so far. He then passes to the "Protestants," Søren Kierkegaard and Selma Lagerlöf, Danish and Swedish; the former's tortured mind needs a whole article to itself: the latter, with her sentimental individualist Lutheranism, is much more easily understood by us—though how old-fashioned she seems! Then comes the Agnostic, J. P. Jacobsen, in Denmark: then, the Nationalists, Verner von Heidenstam and Knut Hamsun, Swedish and Norwegian. The graph has taken us from the Catholic Faith to Prussianism; and we wonder the less at a sentence on p. 29: "To-day, for the first time since Joachim of Floris made his meditations, the European 'waste-lands' are considering the possibility of a return to a universal faith." The last chapter is on the influence of Music—Sibelius and Grieg: perhaps he is less successful here, for he could tell us of those authors in the medium they themselves used—writing: he cannot of course speak to us in music! No matter. This book, which keeps linking up its subject with English, Irish or German writers, which forgets neither Iceland nor Finland, is a revelation, quite apart from the brilliance of its style. And it is invaluable if only because it points out how falsified is the view of the world presented by those lecturers to adult classes and what not, who take the standpoint of the 'Liberalistic' period, as though it had had no past, and was not changing with 'vertiginous rapidity' into something both new and old.

That *God and Mammon* (Sheed and Ward: 5s. n.) should be reprinted is a symptom of the intense interest felt in Mauriac, and the problem that he certainly sets to some of his readers. André Gide, with some of that nasty sourness that I seem to detect in him, congratulates Mauriac on the "re-assuring compromise which enables you to love God without losing sight of Mammon." If Mauriac fears the presence of some slight Jansenism in himself, Gide seems to me to contain not a little of the chill due to French Protestantism. Anyhow, some have asked themselves (not just smugly) how a Catholic writer could discuss some of the topics that Mauriac does: for my part, I am more puzzled by his gloom (not but Bernanos is even gloomier), and why his novels contain so few happy (and therefore pleasanter) people. They exist! And France is surely full of them even in these her tragic hours. And is it not a gift of the Faith, that Christians should be light-hearted? "I was always merry," said St. Perpetua in prison, "and now I am merrier still." (It is true she said it in somebody else's dream; but it was very nice and clear-sighted of him so much as to have dreamt it!) Perhaps a novelist, and Mauriac in particular, has a double problem—assuming he wants to write really honest books. 'Dare I let myself—for my own sake—get right inside my sinful characters, and feel with their feelings; see in their perspective?' And: 'Dare I do so, however safe I may be, in view of the effect it may have on my readers? I am responsible.' An example—could a Catholic convincingly describe the process of St. Mary Magdalen's conversion? A medieval man would unhesitatingly have done so, or anyhow not have shirked. But there was then, as M. Mauriac reminds us, a 'general' conscience: people knew what was right and what wrong: now that is no more so, and an author may be afraid of how a reader may use what *he* means quite rightly: a

corrupt mind corrupts. As for the author's solution, he reaches it only after much agony of mind, and the book must be read if we are to appreciate it. It cannot be summarised.

## LITURGICAL

We are already in Mr. Donald Attwater's debt for several of the most useful among modern popular books on the Eastern churches. His latest work—**Eastern Catholic Worship** (Devin Adair Company, New York : \$2.50)—brings together English versions of eight Eastern liturgies, viz., the Byzantine, Armenian, Coptic, Ethiopic, Syrian, Maronite, Chaldean and Malabarese. The word "Catholic" in the title underlines the fact that these liturgies are all being used to-day by Christians in union with the see of Peter. "For convenience of comparison," a ninth liturgy, the Roman Mass, is given in translation in an appendix.

This is the first time translations of all these liturgies have been collected in one volume. Their editor's object is to encourage interest in the manner of worship of our Eastern fellow-Catholics ; to provide a handy reference book for those already interested ; and to enable Western readers to enrich their spiritual life and outlook by studying and using as prayers the venerable formulæ in which the East has clothed the holy Sacrifice. As Mr. Attwater remarks in his Introduction—in which, incidentally, he manages in nine pages (vii-xvi) to convey a wealth of general information on the development of the eucharistic Sacrifice—opportunities for Catholics of the Roman rite to assist at Eastern liturgies are common in North America, and he hopes his book will help them to follow these unfamiliar services.

The versions of the liturgies have been made from a collation of existing translations in several European languages ; "they therefore make no claim to scholarship or detailed exactitude." It might have been possible, if not so easy, for Mr. Attwater to edit translations by scholars from the originals ; perhaps such an edition could be attempted later. It is to be regretted that some secret prayers, of the greatest liturgical and theological depth, have been altogether omitted, e.g., in the Byzantine liturgy, the celebrated prayer before the Cherubical Hymn. To have given the complete text of at least one "use" of each of the liturgies here presented would not have enlarged the book by more than twenty or thirty pages, while its usefulness would have been greatly increased.

This is not to say that Mr. Attwater's compilation will not prove immensely valuable to anyone who is interested in the past and, still more, the future history of Catholic worship ; or who wishes to have some wider sense of the variety and richness of rite, with which Almighty God is adored. The book is not expensive, especially in view of the fact that translations of all these liturgies would not normally be accessible in less than half a dozen separate volumes.

## THEOLOGICAL

Translator of Pierre Rousselot's *L'Intellectualisme de St. Thomas* and author of "The Desire of God in the Philosophy of St. Thomas," Father James, the Irish Capuchin Provincial, has already made a reputation rightly recognized even by the *Times Literary Supplement*. In the chapters of his latest book—**The Spirit of Christ** (Mercier Press, Cork : 7s. 6d. n.)—we have headings such as "Conversion," "Bethlehem," "Holiness," "Pentecost," which reflect the profoundly theological and spiritual character of the work. Traditional, but fresh and admirably worked out as a stimulus and as instruction for the many people in the world (and in religion) who are

aiming at perfection, here we find refreshing spiritual reading. It in no way detracts from the praise of the book to express regret that the text from the book of Job is used again, which has been so often quoted as a proof of Old Testament belief in bodily resurrection. Catholic experts do not accept the text in this sense, not least among them being the outstanding Irish scripture scholar, Dr. Kissane.

## BIOGRAPHICAL

Described as a sequel to "We Have Been Friends Together," *Adventures in Grace* (Longmans : 15s. n.) continues the story of Raïssa Maritain and her distinguished husband. It is a true sequel, not merely a continuation. The previous volume is necessary for a complete understanding of this one. Above all, the dominance of the strange genius, Léon Bloy, can be understood only in the light of the part he played in the conversion of the Maritains, as described in the previous work. And all who are interested in the writings of Jacques Maritain will inevitably be interested in this account of the background of his life in the years before the war of 1914. Not that the book enables us to appreciate as we should like the development of his thought in consequence of his conversion. He remains a somewhat misty figure in the story, which deals mostly with two Frenchmen, whose lives were linked not only by their common friendship with Jacques and Raïssa, but also because both lost their lives in the first month of the 1914 campaign.

It is an indication of the unsatisfyingness of the book that, without quite knowing why, we feel more attracted to Péguy, whom Mme. Maritain disapproves of, than to Psichari, whose shortcomings she seems much more ready to condone. It is true that the case of Péguy presents complex features and that Psichari was a much more normal person, normal that is to say, in his sins ; but one looks for a little more subtlety and a little more objectivity in a portrayal of Péguy's religious difficulties. However, in the end, the ways of the Spirit are unanalysable, and since it is impossible to draw an accurate chart for any adventures in Grace, we need not be surprised to find that Mme. Maritain's pen is an inadequate spiritual scalpel. The chief quality of the book is its intense atmosphere of faith and piety ; perhaps a more skilful rendering would have helped to dispel a certain sense of smugness.

## PASTORAL

The training of parents to build *The Catholic Home* (Mercier Press, Cork : 6s. n.) is the concern of Father Aloysius, O.F.M.Cap., and his theme is one that needs the attention of those who are responsible for their guidance. His lectures, well garnished with quotations, may appeal to a generation which has largely lost the power of reading the old classics of family devotion, such as St. Francis de Sales's *Introduction to the Devout Life* and Mgr. Landriot's *Valiant Woman*. One could wish that more had been made in the book of the ceremonies and prayers of the Ritual and of all Sacramentals which help so much to sanctify home life.

## BIBLICAL

Father J. Prado, C.S.S.R., is to be congratulated on the demand which within eight years has rendered necessary a third edition of his work *Praelectionum Biblicarum Compendium, II, De Doctrina seu de Libris Didacticis* (Madrid, Edit. El Perpetuo Socorro, Manuel Silvela : 16.00

pesetas). The author's aim has been to give an exposition based on full knowledge with special attention to doctrine, practical utility, and piety. Special features of the volume are the rich bibliographies and explanations of important parts of each book. The latter, a feature unusual in biblical introductions, occupy about half the book. The present edition in deference to many requests has been enriched by the exegesis of the *Miserere* and of the passage beginning Wisdom VII, 22, on the nature of wisdom. The print and typographical arrangement are excellent and the paper good. The popularity of earlier editions is a guarantee of the usefulness and value of the book which it is to be hoped will become known to wider circles of students.

## BIOGRAPHICAL

This is the 'first epoch' of the 'Saga of Cîteaux,' and the **Three Religious Rebels** (P. J. Kenedy, New York: \$2.75) are Saints Robert, Alberic and Stephen Harding, "forerunners of the Trappists." Father M. Raymond's books "The Family that Overtook Christ" and "The Man who got even with God" have already appeared and are, we gather, the second and third parts of the Saga. We sincerely rejoice that in this way not only American citizens but all English readers are helped to know more about the Cistercians. Of those who travel back at all into the Middle Ages, too many reach no further than St. Francis of Assisi or at furthest, St. Bernard. But we can hardly guess what Bernard would have become, had he not been able to buttress himself upon St. Stephen Harding and he, on Robert of Molesmes. Fr. Raymond very rightly, does not make his characters in this 'history-novel' talk any pseudo-antique dialect. Possibly in consequence of this, their talk seems to us, at times, rather too 'modern': but that is a fault on the right side.

Under the title of **A Mystic under Arms** (Mercier Press, Cork: 3s. 6d. n.) Father Boylan, O.Cist.R., has published the life of Michael Carlier. It is a well-printed and well-bound book. Making allowances for the fact that this sketch of Lieutenant Carlier is drawn from an American translation of a French biography, it may be said that the account of the monk-hero's campaigning and death during the 1914-1918 war is very competently given. There are a few lapses. It is strange, for instance, to read of young Carlier at his Jesuit school being "an officer of the Children of Mary" (*sic*). The young Cistercian had felt an attraction to the Society of Jesus, but after a breakdown during his studies he became a monk and fitted the life admirably. His health grew stronger as his wholehearted sacrifice of himself led him further along the way of perfection. Training in the religious life stood him in excellent stead when he had to fight in the front line in the first world war. There were many heroes like Carlier, some monks and religious, others priests and seminarians, many laymen. It was a piece of work well worth doing to present this life in English.

## HISTORICAL

It is a commonplace that in this country the history of the United States is very imperfectly known. Still less known is the story of the great expansion of the Catholic Church there in the last hundred years. In **The Jesuits in Old Oregon** (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho: \$3.00), Father William N. Bischoff, S.J., has thrown a flood of light on part of that expansion, the spread of the Faith westward among the Indians and the advancing white gold-seekers and settlers by a cosmopolitan band of Jesuits. The



founding of the Church amid the growing pains of this period is a fascinating story of apparent reverses overlaying very real progress.

About 1831, a delegation of Flatheads, influenced by two Iroquois neophytes, came to St. Louis to learn more about the Catholic religion. Though all the members of this party died before returning, nevertheless the Flatheads continued their appeals till at last, in 1840, the renowned Father de Smet was sent to survey the future field of work. Thus, through the initiative of the Indians themselves, began those epic labours that led to the stable foundation of the Church in the North-Western States, to the establishment of bishoprics, universities, colleges, parishes and the present Jesuit mission of Alaska. The set-backs, the giving-up of many mission stations, had a variety of reasons such as the diminishing numbers of the Indians, their demoralisation through contact with white traders, and financial hardships consequent on the cutting off of Government help for mission schools.

The material for the book has been arranged geographically rather than chronologically, and its understanding is greatly helped by the excellent maps provided. A biographical appendix, briefly summarising the lives of many of the mission fathers, an excellent index and copious bibliography add much to the interest of an already absorbingly interesting history.

#### SOCIOLOGICAL

From the *Sword of the Spirit* we have received an excellent study of the control of industry by M. E. Bond. With the title of **Industry—Control or Self-Control** (1s. 6d. n.), it begins from the Christian assessment of man's position and then of man's position in his economic environment. His rights as worker are considered as are the various rights of managers, shareholders and consumers. Urging the development of a truly industrial democracy, it deals with proposals by Trade Unions, by research groups and public authorities and examines the various movements towards collaboration within industry by owners and managers and workmen. A thoughtful pamphlet, full of information and very balanced because of its author's long experience, it insists finally upon three principles: the free election of employers and workers right through the series of joint associations, from Works Committees to a National Economic Council; the need to select and elect men of high moral character and a respect for the dignity of the human person; and, then the necessity of devolution, the right at each level to make decisions, which belong to that level—a right not to be usurped by any higher body.

---

#### NOTICE

#### AQUINAS SOCIETY

Six Conferences on **RENAISSANCE ET EVANGÉLISME : LA THÉOLOGIE DE ST. THOMAS DANS LA CIVILISATION MÉDIÉVALE** will be given (in French) by *R. Père Chenu, O.P.*, on *Oct. 26th and 27th*, at 11 Cavendish Sq., London, W.1. All particulars from Hon. Sec. *Aquinas Soc.*, 72 Northways, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.

# *The* Catholic Herald

News of parishes without being  
parochial.

News of the world without being  
worldly.

THE PAPER FOR  
CATHOLIC LEADERS

*AIMS AT*

Giving a survey of world news from  
a Catholic angle.

Presenting all the significant local  
Catholic news.

Commenting on questions of the  
week.

Devoting one-sixth of its space to  
the views of its readers.

Reviewing all books of interest to  
Catholics.

Presenting as a weekly feature Film  
and Theatre notes.

ORDER FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

*2d. Every Friday*

## "THE UNIVERSE"

The Leading Catholic Newspaper  
merits your support.

It has faithfully and zealously served the Catholic Cause at home and abroad during the whole period of its long history 1860-1946. Its able editorials, Notes and Comments, powerful articles and unrivalled news service place it in the front rank of newspapers.

**EVERY FRIDAY 2d**

Direct Subscriptions: 13s. Inland, or Abroad  
per year. Inclusive of postage.

Special terms for members of His Majesty's  
Forces: 10s. per year, inclusive of postage, and  
*pro rata* for 6 or 3 months.

Head Office:

Field House, Breams Buildings, London,  
E.C.4.

*Eighty-first thousand*

## The Difficult Commandment

By REV. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

"Of the many books that deal with the delicate matter of sex, whether they be hygienic, psychological, or frankly Freudian, not all are entirely satisfactory. Even the professedly religious—or should we say pious?—way of dealing with the difficulties involved is not always helpful to those who most need help. This is the sanest and most wholesome book we have seen on this subject."  
*Blackfriars.*

Price Ninepence Net.

## MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR YOUTH

(SIXTIETH THOUSAND)

With the approbation of the  
Archbishop of Westminster and  
of the Archbishop-Bishop of  
Southwark.

This excellent prayer book, an especial favourite in Catholic Colleges and Convent Schools, was entirely re-arranged by the late Father Joseph Keating, S.J., in consultation with various spiritual Authorities. The manual has been described as truly manly and practical, and appeals to all whose piety is sincere, simple and devout.

Price, 3/6 net cloth boards.

LONDON:

MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, S.W.15

## SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

President:

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN  
*Archbishop of Westminster.*

The **Sword of the Spirit** was established  
by Cardinal Hinsley in August, 1940:

To unite Catholics in an understanding of  
the spiritual issues arising from the war;

To emphasize the need for Christian  
principles in social and international  
reconstruction;

To call upon Catholics for more sincere  
**Prayer**, for more serious **Study** of the  
Church's teaching on social and public  
questions, for more energetic **Action**.

The **Sword of the Spirit** Bulletin is published  
every month. Price 6d.

Headquarters:—

12 CITY ROAD LONDON, E.C.1

## ONE CAN WRITE . . .

ten-thousand can subscribe

—So said Cardinal Vaughan.

The C.T.S. relies upon the subscriptions of  
members in order to produce its booklets at a  
price within the reach of all.

Will YOU add your name to the list of  
members?

Send a p.c. to-day for full details.

**CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY**

38-40 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1

## THE MONTH

(Double-Number. Two Shillings net)

EDITOR REV. JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

THE MONTH was founded in July, 1864, to represent  
the point of view and the claims of the Catholic Faith,  
and it has continued to do so for more than eighty-two  
years. The need to fight the battles of the Church in  
English-speaking lands—a cause to which the periodical  
is wholly consecrated—was never greater, and the Editor  
ventures to hope that the support given to his efforts may  
always continue and be extended.

PUBLISHERS Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.,  
London.

Annual subscription 13s. post free (U.S.A. \$3.25) should  
be sent to the Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton,  
London, S.W.15.

# ESSAYS IN RECONSTRUCTION

Edited by Dom Ralph Russell, O.S.B.

10/6 net

Most books on Reconstruction start from sociology. This one starts from religion, passes to education, then to economics, and finally to some of the youth movements which embody the hope of the future.

"The present book is a most vigorous and refreshing attempt to get men's thoughts back to the right lines. So many Catholic books tend to remain in the realm of theory and principles and fail to carry conviction to the non-Catholic reader who wishes to discuss more concrete and, as he thinks, more practical proposals. Dom Ralph Russell and his team have not fallen into this pitfall. There is here a valuable combination of the theoretical and the practical in what concerns the living of human life, education, economics and perhaps best of all, religion. Here is help in abundance for the Catholic as well as for the non-Catholic."

—Clergy Review

*Please order from your Bookseller*

**SHEED & WARD LTD.**

**110/111 Fleet Street, E.C.4**

## ENJOYING THE NEW TESTAMENT

**By Margaret T. Monro**

*With a Foreword by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.*

This book aims to help Catholics who, though familiar with the New Testament in selections, would like to make its acquaintance as a whole. A reading course has therefore been devised with this end in view. In order to simplify the more tedious elements of 'background,' the books are studied for the most part in the order in which they were written, with just enough of introduction to make clear why and to whom they were written.

With Map

8/6 net

**LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.**